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The Literary Digest

FOR APRIL 10, 1937

Volume 123 • Number 15 • Whole No. 2451
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Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, \$4.00 a year, in advance; \$2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, \$5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given. THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, President; ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, Vice-President and Treasurer; WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Explosions

By ROBERT HOGG—

My greatest thrill, as an old-time reader of THE DIGEST, comes not so much from the articles which you publish as from the comments or, rather, explosions which appear a week or two later in your "Mail."

Didn't "Decency" get terribly worked up over your article on College Drinking—and wasn't it discreet of him to conceal his name?

As for F. S. T. on the same subject—what a slant he must have on life in general and on the Army in particular! As an Irishman, let me warn him against swallowing whole all that an Irishman tells him. I have met one or two American veterans who are not altogether sots as a result of their "education," abroad. White Plains, New York.

Explosion No. 1

By C. L. SIGMUND—

It would seem as tho THE DIGEST is becoming desirous of emulating those filthy magazines which, every once in a while, get "cleaned up" in various cities, which are never allowed in the mails at all. . . . If you gentlemen are such blinded pigs that you can not . . . keep out of your paper such news items as those indicating how "nicely" children are taught to neck in our schools, . . . you are worthy of sufficient contempt for any one to stop taking your magazine, whether he likes it otherwise or not. Tampa, Florida.

Explosion No. 2

By I. S. BYGLAND—

You still seem to be suffering from this "equal liberty" delusion. I suggest that you



VISION ALWAYS HAS BEEN A HIGHLY PRIZED ASSET

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M I M E O G R A P H



Topics of the day

SEX CRIME WAVE ALARMS U. S.

Police Grope for Method to Stem Rising Tide of Perversion

Easter Sunday morning, 7,000,000 New Yorkers awoke to greet a long-awaited spring sun—symbol, like the day, of resurrection and life.

Twenty-four hours later, they awoke to black head-lines telling of death—an artist's model, her mother and a male lodger, slain, apparently, by some psychopathic fiend who left few clues.

Coming in the wake of recent similar crimes (it began to look like an epidemic), the Beekman Place murders shocked a nation. Something that went far deeper into the life of the nation troubled police of hundreds of American cities.

At large, for the time being immune alike to arrest or incarceration in some mental hospital, thousands of potential sex slayers, many of them well known to the authorities, hundreds of them veterans of similar offenses either never brought to trial, acquitted, freed from prison or paroled—walked the streets, human rattlesnakes coiled in the path of unsuspecting women and children.

Few Reach Prison—Authorities realize something must be done. Some urge harsher penalties; others see no solution in that direction.

In New York City at the present time, a man is arrested, charged with some revolting sex offense, every six hours on the average. Of the 1,460 individuals so arrested annually, few, police say, ever reach prison or asylum.

Between 1931 and 1936, the figures and graphs of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice (G men), gathered quarterly from 1,618 cities with a combined population of 58,820,588, show ominous increases in this type of offense. A recent report of the F.B.I. remarked:

"Offenses of rape showed a marked increase in 1935, and the number in 1936 is almost as large."

The daily average of such offenses, "known to the police," in sixty-nine cities of more than 100,000 population with an approximate total population of 20,000,000, rose from 914 in 1931 to 1,169 in 1936.

In recent weeks, the press of New York, Buffalo, Minneapolis, Chicago, Cleveland and many other cities has been filled with the lurid details of cases in which rape and murder, of both children and adults, have been the subject.

Model's Murder—Since the beginning of this year, New York City has had the bathtub murder of Mrs. Mary H. Case, the revolting slaying of nine-year-old Erna Sporrer in Brooklyn; of four-year-old Joan Morvan in Queens, and the more recent triple murder of Veronica Gedeon, Mrs. Mary Gedeon, the girl model's mother, and Frank Byrnes, a roomer—in an apart-

ment only a stone's throw from the one where Mrs. Nancy Titterton's bathtub slaying occurred a year ago Good Friday.

In Minneapolis early on March 20, Laura Kruse, eighteen, pretty in an average way, who had come to the city from her farm home, left a street-car to walk



© International

Veronica Gedeon . . . victim of fiendish slayer

two blocks to her rooming-house. Next morning, she was found dead. Two weeks later the murder remained a mystery. Police feared another unsolved case such as that of twelve-year-old Dorothy Aune, attacked, mutilated and slain in 1929.

The morning of February 8, boys, playing in a vacant lot in Buffalo, New York, came upon the horribly battered and mutilated body of Mary Ellen Babcock. The ghastly character of the wounds aroused the city. Police made what probably is an all-time high for the number of individuals questioned, interviewing 22,000 men. Officers hurried to Boston and New Jersey on futile tips.

The last week in March, fourteen-year-

old Frances Fitzgerald of Buffalo was taken to a hospital with a deep stab wound in the back, apparently inflicted by an ice-pick. She told officers and physicians she had "fallen" on the tool. Doubting the tale, they questioned her again. The child admitted she had been stabbed by a neighbor, eighteen-year-old Thomas Smith.

Uncontrollable Impulse—Snatching at straws, the police questioned Smith about the Babcock killing. He confessed to it, declared he had been the victim of an "uncontrollable impulse," that "something had clicked in his brain."

In Detroit, Bernice Onisko, seventeen, was beaten, ravished and strangled on March 6, within 150 feet of her home. She was returning from confession at a near-by church when attacked. Police rounded up and questioned more than 200 suspects, found no killer.

As if the Onisko case had opened a Pandora's box of evil passions, more than seventy-five women and girls were attacked or molested in their homes or on Detroit streets within the next few weeks.

On June 17, 1936, Albert Walter, Jr., twenty-eight-year-old New Yorker, strangled Blanche Cousins, twenty-five-year-old nurse, in the girl's apartment in San Francisco. He had met her on a bus going to California. The nurse, thoroughly respectable, had been visiting her home in Idaho Falls, Idaho. The following day, saying his "conscience hurt him," Walter confessed, insisting he had murdered the girl because of an "uncontrollable grudge against women." His bride of ten months in New York told police she believed him insane and his parents upheld her view. The State of California did not, however, and he was hanged in San Quentin prison, December 4, 1936.

Chicago Rapist Killed—In Chicago, on March 23, Louis Ebert, who at twenty-seven had been an inmate of both reformatory and penitentiary, tried to hold up two citizens. They happened to be city detectives and shot to kill. Ebert was subsequently identified as the rapist who had attacked the daughter of a respected rabbi, after driving away and robbing her escort at the point of a revolver, only two days before. On March 11 he had molested Mrs. Mary Irwin, wife of a policeman, shot and killed her when she resisted.

Awaiting sentence is Alexander Meyer, paroled reformatory boy, charged with taking his father's truck, deliberately running down and fatally injuring sixteen-year-old Helen Moyer near Coatesville, Pennsylvania, raping her and disposing of her body in a fifty-foot well which he dynamited. Green paint scraped from a telephone pole by the truck fender trapped Meyer, who confessed. He had been found guilty of a previous sex offense.

The Chicago *Daily News* has for months been waging a bitter campaign to check the apparent lenity with which



Pictures, Inc.

Buffalo: Mary Ellen Babcock found brutally mutilated in a vacant lot; Thomas Smith, eighteen, awaits trial for her murder



Acme

New York: Mary Case found strangled in a bathtub; her murderer, Major Green, went to Death Row in Sing Sing

local courts treat sex offenders and has shown that, with proper "connections," it seems simple to "cop a plea" or, in plain English, have a serious charge reduced to a minor one.

More Fortunate Cities—Some cities seem more fortunate than others. Kansas City, Missouri, reports no increase in sex crimes in the past five years. Other cities reporting no increase include Trenton, New Jersey; San Antonio, Texas; New Orleans, Louisiana; Lowell, Massachusetts.

Unusually fortunate is San Francisco, where 1936 figures showed twenty-one rape cases against twenty-five in 1932. In the first three months of 1937, there were but three such cases. Rochester, New York, also seems to have cut down its rate, Police Chief Henry T. Copenhagen reporting thirty-five sex crimes in 1936 as against fifty-five in 1931.

But the general tendency is shown by cities more typically in line with consolidated statistics of the Department of Justice. For example, Oklahoma City had six cases of rape in 1932 and nine last year; Denver, Colorado, nineteen cases in '32 and twenty-one last year, with Chief of Police George Marland wiring "... this year ... are on the increase over similar months of 1936."

What do experts believe the remedy to be?

The police chief may reply when asked as George Reyer, Superintendent of New Orleans police, with his laconic "... not enough capital verdicts rendered," or George Marland of Denver "... a rapist should be treated the same way as a murderer. Give him the death penalty."

On the other hand, he may take a longer view, as does Chief William J. Quinn of San Francisco, who wires: "... only constant surveillance by police of sex perverts and degenerates of all types will prevent these crimes. San Francisco police maintaining special detail to comb city streets, parks, squares and places of public gathering to arrest as vagrants male perverts and degenerates. This makes this type realize they are known to the police and their activities watched. We believe ... vigilance, greatest deterrent." And, from San Francisco's record, Chief Quinn appears to know whereof he speaks.

From Andrew J. Kavanaugh, former President of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, now Director of Public Safety of Miami, Florida, one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the country, and former Rochester, New York, Police Chief, comes an even more carefully considered opinion on preventive methods.

Prevention Bureaus—"Establishing crime prevention bureaus in police departments, with properly trained men and women, with the aid of good socially-minded psychiatrists, would go a long way toward checking the rising wave of sex crimes," he wires.

He urges that such bureaus work in close cooperation with schools, and that the latter should watch pupils for abnormal sex tendencies. "... If science," he says, "could not be of assistance in correcting the sex or criminal tendencies the children should be confined in a proper institution. ... the crime prevention bureau, through the aid of schoolchildren, would soon apprehend adult degenerates and, with the aid of psychiatrists, the courts could confine them to institutions ... and not to a penitentiary, where, after a few months, they would go free to repeat degenerate acts."

It is perhaps significant that Rochester, New York, has had a psychiatric clinic operated in cooperation by the city and the Strong Memorial Hospital, where all sex offenders whose sentences are not mandatory are subjected to clinical examination by a skilled psychiatrist whose recommendation as to sentence is weighed and usually followed by local judges. Both city and hospital join in paying the expenses of this clinic.

Official Cooperation—Much the same system is used in New York City, where there has been for some time cooperation between the Magistrates' Courts, the Court of General Sessions, the Court of Special Sessions and the Psychiatry Division of the City Department of Hospitals.

But it seems by no means certain psychiatry has the answer to the problem, any more than policemen or sociologists.

In Minneapolis, a prominent psychiatrist referred to Laura Kruse's killer as a probable "constitutional psychopathic in-

ferior," generally referred to in psychiatric circles as a "CPI."

New York psychiatrists, interviewed as to the CPIism of sex criminals, were far from sure this type could be held accountable for all such crimes. One of the most prominent defined a CPI as "a person who has antisocial tendencies and exerts over them at least a very limited control. These tendencies get him in repeated difficulties. Neither a prison nor a hospital for mental diseases can do him any good. His distorted character doesn't fit in anywhere."

Individual Tendency—"However, he is not always a sex criminal. He may be a pick-pocket, an embezzler, a swindler or any other enemy of organized society. Here, again, it depends upon every individual, and a line of demarcation is difficult to draw."

Criminals such as Gerald Chapman, "Dutch" Anderson and their like, while CPI's under this definition, certainly could not be classed as sex criminals.

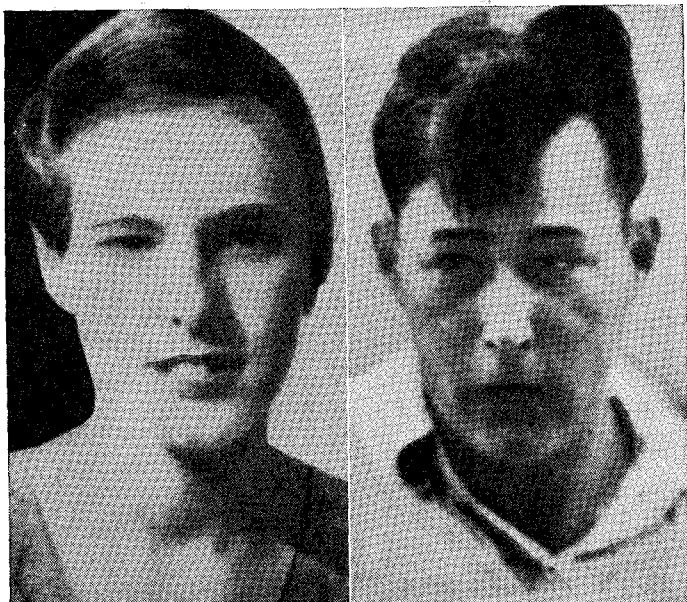
On the other hand consider the case of Maxwell Dowdell of Chicago, confessed rapist, charged with an offense against a ten-year-old girl. Dowdell is married, has a daughter only two years older than his victim, never had been in trouble in any way, was generally considered honest, law-abiding, respectable.

For years Dowdell, forty-nine, had held reasonably responsible positions, first in the Chicago Board of Public Improvements, later as a Park Department foreman.

Model Boy—And how about Thomas Smith of Buffalo, who confessed to knifing and battering Mary Ellen Babcock into a ghastly caricature of humanity, because "something had clicked" in his brain?

The boy was an honor high school graduate, had no bad habits, never had smoked, had tasted whisky only once, when administered medicinally, didn't make girl dates, was in fact promptly dubbed the "model boy" by reporters.

Howard Magnussen, who raped four-year-old Joan Morvan in Jamaica, New York, early in March, as a result of which she died from peritonitis, was described by detectives as "being twenty-six, looking seventeen and having the brain of a child



Wide World

Coatesville: Helen Moyer, sixteen, found in a dynamited well; Alexander Meyer, twenty-one, accused as murderer, awaits sentence



Pictures, Inc., and Wide World

San Francisco: Blanche Cousins found strangled in her apartment; her assaulter, Albert Walter, Jr., paid with his own life

of eight." The incredibly sordid surroundings in which the child lived with her father, George Morvan, and his paramour, Norma Magnussen Gatto, sister of the accused, were such that hardened Metropolitan detectives said: "They made 'Tobacco Road' look like a broad, clean highway."

Enlightened and intelligent consideration of the problem of sex crimes indicates offenders should either be placed in asylums to be held until definitely and absolutely cured or confined for life.

Authorities nevertheless remain puzzled and uncertain as to remedies. Their bewilderment was expressed a few days ago by Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine of New York City.

Growing Crime List—"The most horrible menace confronting the people of this city is the type of criminal who attacks children. He represents not only the most terrible phase of crime, but the greatest—because that class of crime is growing greatly . . . it is the most difficult to control or suppress . . . what form prevention and cure will take remains uncertain."

He was speaking to reporters after viewing the body of Erna Sporrer, nine-year-old Brooklyn girl who had been attacked and slain by Salvatore Ossido, a barber, even then out on bail for a sex offense.

"Cops are tough," continued the New York Commissioner, who used to pound a beat himself, "and I suppose I've seen enough crime . . . to be callous. But when I saw that little girl's body . . . with her little hands stiffened in death as she had raised them . . . in an agony of horror and appeal to that beast—well, I've been a cop for a long time, and I've been shaken for days by some sights, but nothing ever hit me like that."

Sterilization No Help—The commissioner went on to point out that no proposed legislation met the problem, that sterilization did not help, that only too often sex criminals led "Jekyll and Hyde" lives, that there even were such in the New York Police Department, altho "I'm weeding them out as fast as I can." He riddled the theory that only the underprivileged, the obviously vicious, and their like recruited the army of sex criminals, saying:

"Some of them appear to be and are

most of the time normal, reasonable citizens, some holding highly responsible positions . . . you would be surprised to know what positions some of them hold."

Admitting his inability to suggest a cure or a sure preventive for the rising tide of sex crime, New York's No. 1 policeman pounded his desk and declared that despite this, some solution must be found, added that he looked principally to the alienists and psychiatrists for it.

KANSAS DRY?: 3.2 Beer Okay Stop Drink All You Want Without Stopping Stop

JOHN JONES
WICHITA DAILY RECORD
WICHITA, KANSAS

UNDERSTAND KANSAS LEGALIZED
THREE POINT TWO BEER STOP IS THIS
ANOTHER QUOTE FREAK LAW UN-
QUOTE WOULD APPRECIATE SOME IN-
SIDE DOPE ON EDIBILITY OF KANSAS
SNAKES AND WHAT THE CITIZENS
THINK OF THEIR LAWS

THE LITERARY DIGEST

THE LITERARY DIGEST
354 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

"I am not sure what you mean by 'freak laws.' Kansas has no such in its eight-pound statute book—printed on very thin paper. I know there has been some hilarious comment about the antisnake-eating law, and every Kansan chuckles when he reads the caustic editorials about erratic legislation.

"But, if the people elsewhere knew the Kansas rattlesnakes they would wish for still more stringent prohibitions on feasting on them in public. These side-winders bite first and rattle later—unless they forget it.

Tamed?—"Kansas does have some deep blue laws, inherited from the ex-Puritan Fathers from New England. They came out here eighty years ago and 'tamed the wilderness.'

"In writing the first laws, they also tried to tame the future generations of Kansans. It has taken seventy-six years since State-

hood to edit those 'Thou Shalt Nots' out of the book.

"Why, the 1937 Legislature just closed wiped out almost as many laws as it enacted. Of course, they did write a law prohibiting petting in the State parks, but you should see some of the descendants of the Puritanical ancestors when they settle down to serious love-making in the bushes. Even we semimoderns shudder when we go fishing in the State ponds, lest we develop high blood pressure.

"You want to know about our drinking habits. Bless your heart, we are not allowed to drink in Kansas. Don't you know Carry Nation and her sisters smashed the liquor joints? The bone-dry law makes it a felony to have a snifter on the hip, in the house or office and confiscates the car and almost farms the kids out to charity if you drive while drinking.

Quenching Business Good—"Fact is, Kansans are so dry that several enormous fortunes have been made quenching the thirst.

"How many bootleggers? The conscientious enforcement officers would like to know the answer to that. So would the thirstier citizens. The county jails and penitentiary are full of them.

"But everybody gets tight when, and if, he desires. They drink in bars, barns, alleys, hotels, restaurants, on trains, buses, in cars—anywhere they happen to be.

"It is easier to buy good liquor in Kansas than in adjacent States, because the traffic never has been legally recognized, therefore is unrestrained.

"Every Kansan abroad will boast of our 'Pittsburg Deep Shaft,' a potent and very potable moonshine made in the southeastern Kansas coal-mines. It is sold in Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, New York and everywhere else that bootleggers flourish. They make it fifty-fifty with distilled water and make ninety proof 'Bottled in Bond.'

Standard Brands Available—"The standard brands of whisky, alcohol, gin, champagne, wine and what-have-you are available from all our better bootleggers, who swarm like bees around a sweet-clover patch in every city and in most of the towns and villages. And the prices are identical with those in States where saloons are legal.

"The better-to-do Kansans are putting bars in their new homes. You spend an



Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts changed his mind, a minimum wage law for women went through, and a chambermaid was made happy

evening with them and it's all in the basement. The host is bartender, unless he can corner the kids and make them serve. Mostly, the youngsters are out making the rounds of the beer joints.

"Beer has been sold openly for two years, thanks to a Supreme Court that didn't need a New Deal Repeal Act to see the handwriting on the wall.

"The Legislature has just legalized 3.2 beer with restrictions on its sale that practically require the bartenders to join the church and attend regularly. The licensees are examined for their moral character, their past record and future prospects. If they have ever sold hard liquor or own a Federal liquor license, they can no more get a license to sell 3.2 than the camel can detour through the needle's eye.

Prove It!—"No Sunday or Election day sales. Close at midnight and do not allow a customer to drink anything stronger than the 3.2 voltage—which, by the way, hasn't been sold in Kansas since the State Supreme Court said intoxicating liquor was something to be proved. No jury has been found that would convict on beer, altho some of it is a special Kansas brand, adding up to as high as 12 per cent.

"If this law, which has the tacit approval of the dries, works, we'll be as pure as possible, but it is going to take more than a law to wean us from 'Deep Shaft,' and the easily procured standard brands. The Legislature did not add any restricting clauses to the Bone Dry Law—which makes the bootleggers happy, the thirsty

citizens satisfied. And all the abandoned dairy-barns are being leased for joints.

"These are the facts, but for gosh sake, don't use my right name, because I have to live here. **JOHN JONES.**"*

*Mr. Jones, whose name is not Jones and who does not live in Wichita, is one of the State's ablest and most respected newspaper men.

COURT'S REVERSE: Justice Roberts's Change of Mind Fans Fire Over Enlargement Plan

Two years ago, a chambermaid was discharged from the Cascadian Hotel in Wenatchee, Washington. She demanded \$216.19 back pay which she contended the hotel owed her under the State's minimum-wage law for women, enacted in 1913. Her former employers offered to settle for \$17. She refused, went to a local Justice of the Peace and persuaded him to take her case to court.

Last week, the United States Supreme Court ruled that Washington's statute on minimum wages was constitutional, thus in effect told the chambermaid that she was entitled to her \$216.19.

Involved in this decision was a historical reversal of opinion. In 1923, the high Court nullified a minimum-wage law for women that had been enacted by Congress for the District of Columbia. On the basis of this ruling, it threw out during the next thir-

teen years sixteen similar State laws, including (last June) a supposedly "Supreme Court-proof" law of New York's.

Score 5-4—The New York law was invalidated by a 5-to-4 vote. Washington's was upheld 5-to-4. Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts was the man who changed his mind, thus creating a national sensation and bringing cheer to a chambermaid.

Roberts, sixty-two years old, tall, broad-shouldered, and thin-lipped, is the baby of the Court, both in respect to age and years of service. His appointment by President Hoover in 1930 was almost an accident. Hoover sent the name of Judge John J. Parker of North Carolina to the Senate. A liberal bloc opposed the appointment on the ground that Parker was biased against Labor and Negroes, and ultimately the confirmation was refused.

Then the name of Owen J. Roberts went up to Capitol Hill from the White House. Liberals were suspicious, because he was known to be a successful corporation lawyer; dries were suspicious because he was not in sympathy with Prohibition; conservatives recalled that he was the man who had served as the government prosecutor in the Teapot Dome trials. But these blocs were not sufficiently bitter against Roberts to unite. Confirmation won.

Marked Two Ways—To-day, Roberts is marked in two ways by reporters assigned to Supreme Court stories. He is: (1) the Justice whose memory is so tenacious that he was able to rattle off the majority opinion in the AAA decision without referring to his manuscript; (2) the real fulcrum of the Court—always on the winning side in close rulings. In at least seventeen decisions of importance, the Roberts opinion has been the bare-majority opinion.

The next most important source of Supreme Court news last week was not the Senate Judiciary Committee, which was carrying on with its hearings on the Roosevelt Court-enlargement program, but the United States Senate chamber. Through revelations brought out by members of that body, newspapers were able to put into head-lines what the public already knew: That in its determination to reorganize the judiciary, the Administration has not hesitated to further its pet scheme by the gentle application of political pressure.

From Rush D. Holt, Democracy's bad boy, came the assertion that Assistant Attorney General Joseph B. Keenan, who handles patronage for the Department of Justice, had asked him in a roundabout manner if he would consider a Federal judgeship sufficient payment for a pro-Administration vote on the Court plan.

"He did not say," shouted the West Virginian, "I am going to give you a judge for your vote." I hope he did not think I was that dumb, but I knew what he meant, and he knew I knew what he meant. He meant if I went along I would get a judge."

Sen. Edward R. Burke of Nebraska provided further remarks on the subject, and because he is a far more influential Democrat than Holt ever has been, what he had to say caused a considerably larger flurry.

Gold Flow Pressure—An Administration official had told him, he said, that in a few days the President would ask Congress to appropriate \$1,500,000,000 for relief. The official had suggested that it was futile "to fight against \$1,500,000,000."

"The Mayors and Governors who want

part of that money will make their wishes known to their Senators," Burke explained.

"The Governors and Mayors will have the idea, 'if we're going to get what we need for this State, we'll stand a better chance to get it if our Senators are going along.'"

Meanwhile, eyes turned to a Texas special election this week, in which the Supreme Court is the issue. Nine Lone Star State candidates battled to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Rep. James P. Buchanan. One candidate, Lyndon Johnson, young, handsome, former Texas Administrator of the National Youth Administration, announced himself in support of the President's Court bill.

LABOR UNLEASHED: Sit-Down Tide Swells as Rank and File Learn Strength

Confusion continued to reign on the national labor scene last week.

Senators roared, the President remained silent and labor leaders admitted perplexity, even ire, at the alacrity with which workers sat on the country.

When a second General Motors strike threatened in several plants at Flint, Michigan, many wondered if leaders of the Committee for Industrial Organization would be able to keep workers under control. Commentators generally admitted that the rank and file had learned how effective their protests were. From front-page headlines, readers gathered that labor was on the "go," industry on the "run."

"Right to Job"—An expression of the changing sociological and philosophical concepts of labor in these United States was stated by the *New York Times* in a leading editorial:

"During yesterday's debate in the Senate, Mr. Borah prophesied ultimate recognition of the principle that 'labor has a right to a job.' In a certain sense, that is the principle on which the Government itself is already proceeding. The whole WPA program was put forward on the theory that it is the Government's duty to provide jobs at public expense for all 'employables' who lack them, until such time as these 'employables' can be re-absorbed in private industry."

Coal Pact—Shining victory of the week for labor was the signing of a new two-year agreement between the United Mine Workers of America and operators of the Appalachian bituminous area, providing wage increases totaling \$85,000,000 a year to 300,000 miners.

The agreement will serve as a basis for another 170,000 miners outside the Appalachian area.

Wiseacres agreed that the miners and operators know how to stage a fight, seldom come to terms until the twelfth hour. For six weeks, they haggled and argued in a series of meeting places in New York City. April 1 was the dead-line. But April 1 is a miners' holiday—John L. Lewis day, in honor of the fighting President of the United Mine Workers Union. The day originally was known as John Mitchell day, in memory of the former President of the Union, under whom the eight-hour day was obtained in 1898.

Dead-line past, there was no rumpus—miners in twelve States merely lingered

over their morning papers and coffee, decided not to work.

Until 3:45 P.M. on the second day, it looked as if the miners might stay out indefinitely, paralyze the industry. Then the Committee of Sixteen came to an agreement in Manhattan's sky-scraper hotel, the Essex House. The Union gained a rise in the basic wage to \$6 a day, but abandoned its demands for paid vacations and a guaranteed annual \$1,200 wage. The public will pay 25 cents more for a ton of soft coal as a result.

Then Edward Francis McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, called the White House to notify the President and his boss, Secretary Frances Perkins, that all was well on the coal front.

McGrady added: "This is a much better situation than in the automobile industry." Asked if the signing of the coal agreement could be definitely construed as another step forward for John L. Lewis, he told *THE LITERARY DIGEST*: "Since Lewis started marching, you haven't seen him take a single step back, have you?"

McGrady Sticks—While posing for newsreels, McGrady said that he was "going back to Washington to see what the boss has lined up for me." This statement dispelled rumors that he was quitting the Government for a \$25,000-a-year job. Insiders now believe he will remain in the Labor Department until the current national situation is somewhat eased, then ask for his release.

As McGrady entrained for Washington, John L. Lewis took leave of his "boys" and departed for Lansing to try to find some solution to the automobile strikes.

Conscious of a possible public reaction to these continued strikes, labor leaders set out to quiet one branch of their critics. They determined to wipe out Communist and radical elements in their ranks.

Boomerang—On this point, Russell B. Porter wrote in the *New York Times*:

"Labor is already facing the boomerang consequences of the spirit of lawlessness encouraged by the sit-down. The promiscuous use of sit-down strikes recently has

led to abuses in which racketeers and ex-convicts have taken over labor-unions and seized plants with outside strong-arm men never employed by the plant or store involved. These in turn have provoked a reaction in which police raids on sit-downers have been conducted without writs or warrants, and threats of vigilantes to take the law into their own hands have been made.

"The demonstration of how effective a minority may be in such a strike has also created a problem for labor, which may be faced some day with sit-downs called by a militant minority of Communists or others seeking to take control of the union leadership as a means toward seizing power in the Government."

Some leading Senators released volumes of angry steam over the strike situation. John L. Lewis was denounced for his "arrogance" and Sen. Hiram Johnson of California said the President should have uttered six words: "I will not tolerate sit-down strikes." Sen. William E. Borah argued against Federal intervention, holding the matter rested with the States.

Another paradox on the increasingly complicated labor front occurred in Detroit. Gerald W. Corkum, hailed in 1935 as "the world's typical worker," was accused by United Automobile Workers of being a "stool-pigeon" in the pay of the Chrysler Corporation. After an alleged beating by union men, Corkum complained to Detroit police.

SON JIMMY: James Roosevelt Makes Début as Presidential Secretary

Because there was shocking news of crushed and mangled schoolchildren in Texas, because nearly every one wanted to know how 6,000 squatting automobile workers would react to a Detroit judge's demand that they put on their hats and go home, and because most Americans no longer considered oratorical blasts at the United States Supreme Court a novelty, a rousing speech by Franklin D. Roosevelt's boy James in Georgia three weeks ago went almost unnoticed by the press.

That he spoke, and spoke well, for his father's judicial reorganization program was of only fleeting interest. The real news value of the event lay in the fact that son James was making, in as unobtrusive a fashion as possible, his political début. This week, he was once more back in Washington, refreshed by two weeks of sun and sea at Palm Beach and ready to carry on, not in a political rôle, but as a secretarial assistant to the President.

Newsmen Divided—When conversation at the gleaming new bar in the National Press Club turns to the subject of Jimmy Roosevelt, Washington correspondents divide neatly. One camp holds that he is the "Crown Prince" of the New Deal régime. As the personal and confidential secretary of the President during the next four years, he will be constantly exposed to the political sagacity of the elder Roosevelt, they argue. With lessons learned at the knee of such a preceptor, he can plunge boldly into the maelstrom of politics—particularly Massachusetts politics, for he has a legal residence in Boston. They see him running for Governor in 1938, for the Senate in 1940. And then, perhaps—well, John



Bourke-White from Pictures, Inc.

Gerald W. Corkum, "typical auto worker," charges union men beat him up in Detroit

Adams had a son named John Quincy who eventually got into the White House.

The second group smiles broadly at the thought of son Jimmy preparing to hit the sawdust trail of politics, laughs outright at the classification of "Crown Prince." They concede that his father is apparently grooming him to fill the vacancy created by the death of Louis McHenry Howe, the President's most trusted adviser. But they do not share the President's optimism. Believing that "few sons attain the praise of their great sires," they feel that there are other posts more compatible with Jimmy's talent, experience and temperament—such, for example, as the one formerly filled with distinction by the late Gus Gennerich.*

Grooming—If Jimmy has political ambitions, he has kept them from bubbling to the surface until recently. Ten years ago, he was a Harvard freshman, equipped with the same rigidly formal cultural background that Groton School had given other Roosevelts before him. He was about as much concerned with politics as a chorus-girl is with Greek philosophy. Whether or not he would make the first boat on the freshman crew was the pressing matter of the moment.

Out of Harvard and into matrimony is the Roosevelt rule, and Jimmy was not one to break it. His final examinations behind him, he married Surgeon Harvey W. Cushing's daughter Betsy, and then began casting wary glances at the world of industry.

The elder Roosevelt was Governor of New York at the time, and many a business would have been willing to hand out a salary of \$15,000 or \$20,000 annually for the prestige of having the Governor's son flick his cigarette ashes on the office rug. Jimmy's father decided that law school was the place for him, so to Boston University Law School he went.

Torts and contracts proved less interesting than making money, and James was doing the latter in a big way by selling insurance. Within a year, he was selling to the complete exclusion of studying. By 1933, he had turned from books completely and had established his own insurance business—the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent. Profits flowed in. George Washington Hill, of the American Tobacco Co., bought a policy worth \$2,500,000. Firms such as the New England Power Co., National Distillers, and the Columbia Broadcasting Co. also appeared at the door.

Stumps for Smith—Insurance and politics blend like a silk hat and spats. At Harvard, politics for Jimmy had been an occasional extracurricular social activity, like the haughty Fly Club and the Institute of 1776 to which he belonged. It was in this spirit that he had stumped on the campus for Alfred E. Smith in 1928 and the Massachusetts State ticket in 1930.

In 1932, however, he began to take politics seriously. Between talks with insurance prospects, Jimmy found time to make 200 campaign speeches for his father. Soon he was up to his knees in the game. In the Massachusetts primaries before the Chicago convention he had clasped hands with the noisy, old-school politician, James M. Curley, in an unsuccessful attempt to swing the Bay State convention delegates behind the Roosevelt candidacy. After the election, the Democratic high command hesitated to give to so inveterate

a political warrior as Curley the job of distributing the patronage sweets in Massachusetts. Instead, son Jimmy was made official dispenser of the plums. At once politics became his waking and sleeping obsession. Many a Democrat grumbled that he was trying to make himself political boss of the State.

From 1933 until January 1, 1937, when he resigned from the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent to devote himself entirely to White House secretarial work, James Roosevelt the business man played second fiddle to James Roosevelt the politician. The former appeared prominently in the press several times during that period in a light not completely favorable to Jimmy.

Progression—On May 6, 1935, for example, the President announced that his eldest son had been commissioned to install a modern accounting and cost system for the twelve-cow dairy at Hyde Park. The announcement spiked rumors (as the White House had hoped it would) that Jimmy was about to become a Presidential secretary. On July 1, he was made the head of a prospering New Jersey yeast company, only to resign the position four months later because, reputedly, the company's directors were not satisfied with the amount of time he was giving to the business.

But it remained for Jimmy the politician to make the really sensational news. He called upon the Massachusetts Legislature to pass a bill permitting *pari mutuels* betting on horse races. He denounced the Child Labor Amendment and thus helped to block its passage in the Bay State. Finally, in one of four campaign speeches in 1936, he threw his Party into a bad case of fits by declaring that "the President intends to continue the principles of the NRA by going before the people and seeking an amendment to the Constitution to make the principles of NRA the law of the land."

Ready to Arrive—Republican Candidate Landon promptly called upon the President to confirm or deny his son's statement, and former NRA Administrator

Hugh S. Johnson exploded: "Son Jimmy ought to have a Maxim silencer for a birthday present."

But Jimmy only needs experience, say his friends to-day. His voice has the mellow, smooth quality of the President's. He smiles easily and often. He is earnest and energetic. He is young—nine months this side of thirty. And he is in a position to receive daily lessons from the modern master of political strategy.

FLYING REDSKIN: Crow Princess Picked as First Northwest Air-Lines' Woman Attendant

In her log-cabin bower along turbulent Lodge Grass Creek's bouldered banks, Beth Pease, eighteen, Crow Indian princess, is preparing for high adventure as the first full-blooded Indian air-hostess. Picked from among fifty moccasined beauties, she will become Northwest Air-Lines' first flying hostess.

A New York shopping-tour will transform her from a picture-book Pocahontas into an exquisitely groomed, ultramodern young woman.

Two other Indian maidens of the Montana redskin reservation had been picked previously; in each instance, parents and relatives objected in the face of threats of tribal warfare and scalping-bees. During the Indian beauty contest on the reservation there were several large headaches for Al Croonquist, Northwest representative at Billings and modern *Paris* come to judgment among the Cheyennes and Crows. Relatives of all fifty candidates marched on Croonquist's office, demanding their girls be selected.

Camps Split—First choice was Alice Deernose, who decided to keep her moccasins on her happy hunting-ground. Further search split the sprawling reservation into two seething camps. From fifty candidates, Princess Myrtle Big Man, Chief Max Big Man's daughter, was chosen. For a spell there was peace.

Not for long did harmony reign. A raiding party of other girls' relatives hit the war-path, whooped into Billings demanding a recount—or, better, Croonquist's scalp.

"I sent seven of the war-party to a movie," Croonquist wired headquarters, "while I *powwowed* with the others in a restaurant. Indians may be noble, but they're no slouches on free victuals. Also, they're hard to argue with: they just grunt."

Finally, weary of the battle, the agent quit the camp of the River Crows and surveyed the attractions of the Mountain Crows. There, he saw Beth Pease, otherwise known as Princess Goes-to-the-Right.

HOB0 HEGEMONY: Convention to Decide Among Rival Kings of Road Knights

"A national convention of hobos will be held April 10-17 in St. Louis."

Not depending upon word of mouth along the skid-roads of cities or seeping through the hobo "jungles" (see cover) of rural United States, the royal pronouncement of Jeff Davis, self-styled King of the Hobos, has taken to the telegraph



Courtesy Northwest Air-Lines, Inc.

Picked from among 50 Indian beauties, "Princess Goes-to-the-Right" became flying hostess

*President's body-guard until his death last fall.

wires of the national press. Traveling by car, popping up in Cleveland, Detroit or Cincinnati, the tall, natty hobo monarch has been more successful in putting his message across than many a high-priced publicity man.

But tho the public grins tolerantly at the smart press-agentry of Davis, ominous rumblings of reaction come from the East. Conservative hobos refuse to recognize Davis, condemn him for his "liberal" views to seventy-eight-year-old "Happy Dan" O'Brien. Loafing in "Beefsteak John's" on the Bowery or in the warm sunshine of Union Square, New York, the O'Brien cohorts plan to "crack down" on Davis's outfit, the International Itinerant Migratory Workers' Union. True line of descent, they maintain, is the Hobo Fellowship of America, founded at Cincinnati in 1908, with both O'Brien and Davis as charter members.

Impostor—Last week, in Union Square, King Dan O'Brien shook back his shoulder-length white mane and blasted Midwesterner Davis as a "rank impostor, a publicity seeker, a soldier of fortune of Bohemia. . . ."

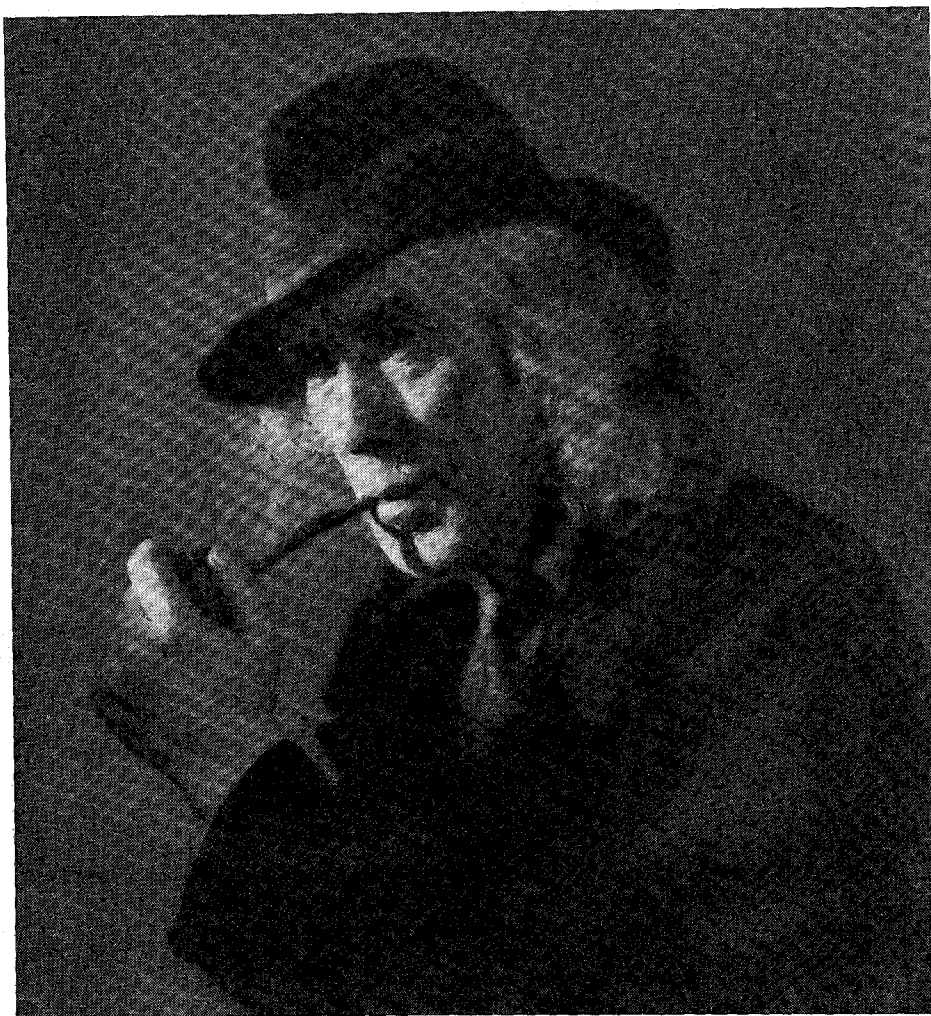
"Jeff Davis travels by tin lizzie," King Dan snorted. "No true hobo ever does! And who ever heard of a hobo with a wife and kids?" Bitingly, he concluded: "Jeff Davis hasn't the guts nor the philosophy to be a hobo. Once and for all, there ought to be a convention to decide who deserves the title of King and the leadership of the American hobo."

Meanwhile, Jeff Davis meandered through the Midwest, concentrating upon the gay pleasantries of his publicity job, indifferent to the incipient storm gathering on the Atlantic seaboard, secure in the belief that his is the progressive organization of a progressive nation. Davis-directed meetings have convened every year since the late twenties, have shown a liberal view-point on taking in such non-active members as Charley Chaplin, Harry Hopkins, Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, Lowell Thomas, Al Jolson, Walter Winchell and "many Congressmen, Senators, Governors and Mayors."

In spite of need for solidarity, it is unlikely that the question of priority to the hobo kingship will be settled. Prime requisite of the philosophy of hoboing is that nothing short of the loss of liberty should cause loss of sleep. Rank and file 'bos find the problem merely an amusing subject for conversation.

Royalty—For when white-haired King Dan this spring rides the rods again—scorning the hitch-hiking and press-agent stunts of the Davis wing—he will hear the latest cross-country "jungle" gossip concerning other aspiring crown wearers: "Jolly Joe" Hamilton reigns supreme in the Far West; Dr. Ben Reitman holds forth in Chicago; Joseph Leon Cohen Segal Lazarowitz has again proclaimed himself hobo monarch in Minneapolis.

Like European royalty, but even more confusing, hobo Kings grow tired of their positions and abdicate. Even Davis once wearily remarked: "If I could get rid of the name 'King of the Hobos,' I'd do it in a minute." King Lazarowitz in August, 1934, did abdicate, a post-card arriving at hobo headquarters in Cincinnati stating: "To Jeff Davis: You are hereby informed in writing that from the eleventh day of August, 1934, you are welcome to undisputed title of Hobo King of America. You



© Raphael Perlman

King Dan O'Brien demands recognition as the sole sovereign of America's hobos

can have it! (Signed) J. Leon Lazarowitz."

On January 13, 1936, Davis conducted a trial with hobo jury to determine the hobo status of Dr. Ben Reitman. Three hours of jungle court histrionics placed Doctor Reitman on probation, proclaimed Davis "King Jeff I, King of the Hobos of America."

Coronation—The original O'Brien coronation occurred shortly after the Spanish-American War. Irish, Italian and Mexican laborers building a railroad in the State of Washington had gone on strike; 400 men were without leaders, concrete aims or demands. Into the breach stepped O'Brien. From a pile of railroad ties, he offered the disgruntled workers a strike agenda.

"Happy Dan" O'Brien, whose parents had named him Dennis and tried to make him a Jesuit priest, became that day a King. "And wherever I have gone and in every hobo meeting I have attended," points out this man who claims descent from the ancient kings of the Emerald Isle, "I have been known as the King of Hobos."

Proof that the purple of hobo royalty is anything but soft is the scarred body of King Dan O'Brien. Innumerable ribs have been broken; hardly a portion of his arms or legs is unmarked. But most grueling of his experiences is one which touched his heart. During his millions of miles of world-wide travel by foot, rail and in fo'c'sle, O'Brien has narrowly missed disaster in marriage on six occasions. In 1934, he even went to Manhattan's City Hall with a prospective Queen, backed down only when he dis-

covered that the cost of a marriage license was \$2.

Metropolitan papers meanwhile had reported O'Brien married. Shocked to his senses by the cold head-lines, O'Brien sought sanity by getting drunk with his prospective wife in Jersey City.

Women—Of women, he vouchsafes: "They only want somebody to boss. That's why a true hobo doesn't get married."

Prominence in hobo circles came to Jeff Davis through his superior knowledge of the value of the press. Breaking into the news with comparative consistency by staging entertaining hobo high jinks, Jeff Davis developed his news nose after running away from Cincinnati at the age of thirteen and selling papers on the sidewalks of New York.

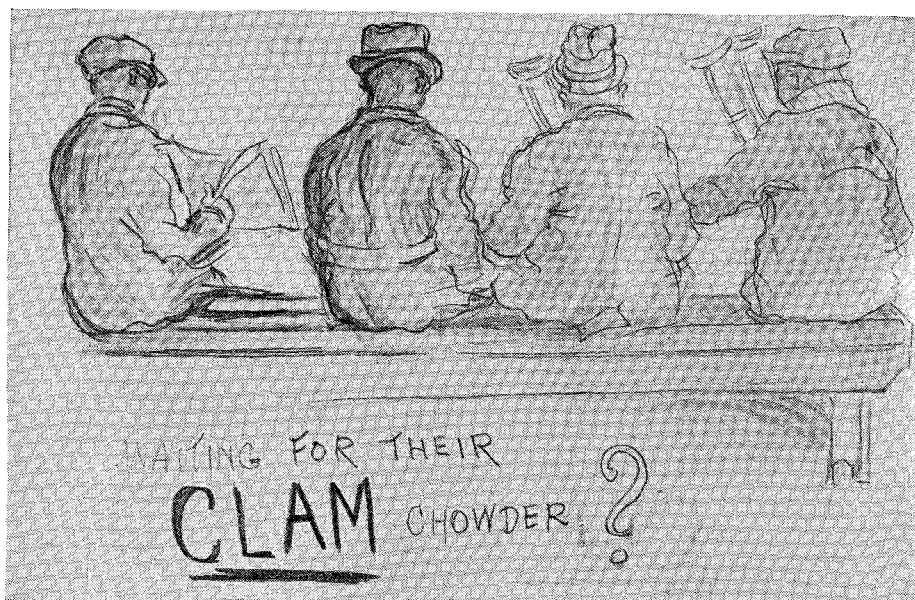
First publicity stunt of Davis' was his Hotel de Gink, which made leavening copy for newspapers filled with the black of World War battle. And when, after a single winter, Davis was dispossessed with a decree that he should not remain in New York, he moved with more press fanfare to a farm on Long Island, the cooperative Farm de Gink. Even the hardest vegetables wouldn't grow in the sandy soil, however, and soon thereafter King Jeff shuttled back to the Midwest, married and settled down.

It was not until the late twenties that he returned to hoboing with formation of the International Itinerant Migratory Workers' Union, his issuing of broadsides such as his proclamation of February 10, 1936, that suit would be started against the City of Los Angeles unless the border patrol against hobos was stopped.

To-day, King Jeff Davis is at the peak



Hobo art: portrait of a king by a subject



A knight of the road made this drawing of his unhurried brothers

of his career, claiming more than 1,000,000 members in his international organization (he boasts that he has been around the world six times, back and forth across the United States more than 100 times). His ladies' auxiliary, styled the Hoboettes, he estimates numbers 40,000.

Countering with a flat statement that Davis is talking through his hat, King Dan says there are no more than 25,000 full-fledged hobos in the United States, that no woman could possibly be a hobo. Writing in the *Hobo News*, official publication of the Hobos of America, King Dan defines the hobo:

"He is a man in whom the wanderlust is the strongest lust . . . a reckless, perambulating soldier of fortune. . . . Women and trifling other things don't bother him. . . . He is not prejudiced against any one, abhors the lone wolf philosophy of life . . . is healthy, sane, courageous and strong. . . .

"He is an avowed optimist, laughs a great deal at the gyrations of men, looks upon politicians as tyrants, the clergy as supreme dodgers of things religious, hopes the human race, like whisky, will improve with age. . . .

"He swears that when work becomes an art and a joy, he will take off his coat and go to work."

The hobo doesn't deny that he must rely on his wits, the missions that dole out "soap, soup, sleep, salvation." But he boasts that you never hear of a 'bo starving to death or committing suicide. And when he is obliged to accept help from the Government, he feels that he is only living on taxation, like an office-holder.

History—Somewhere, somehow, the hobo acquired his name in the latter half of the nineteenth century. O'Brien half seriously guesses it was derived from *homo bonus* (good man); Davis insists its most reasonable evolution is from "hoe-boy," itinerant farm-hands who carried the tool of their trade.

The hobo came into his own with railroad building following the War Between the States. Ignoring the dangers involved, he made traveling by rod the badge of his calling, traveled light and fast, helping to build the roads he rode on, following seasonal employment in harvesting and lumbering. As the United States roared through the Gay Nineties, the carnival

days of hoboing were reached. The depression of 1892 swelled the ranks of the thousands already roaming the country. When, in 1894, Coxey's Army moved on Washington, it was the hobo who helped recruit it, made up 50 per cent. of its numbers. More than twenty years later, the hobos marched off to war. That over, however, the hobos returned to their rugged individualism.

Not so long ago, railroads allowed 'bos to ride unmolested as a service to farmers. Local police have been known to welcome their arrival in the jungles at harvest time, even furnishing food and protection. But in recent years, with the thousands

of "sightseeing punks, mission stiffes, out-and-out bums, curbstome canaries, psychopaths and heat artists," 'bos claim that the general public has shown a marked lack of perception in discriminating against the hobo, in passing legislation which hampers his movements.

Yet thousands of men still hop trains, know the dodges, the rules of the jungles of the hobo world where they congregate, wash, boil up a muligan stew, wait for news of employment. Theirs is a philosophy which is a curious mixture of rugged individualism and socialism: Every one is welcome; none goes hungry. But some edible contribution is expected; pots and pans must be washed before departure; staples must be left behind.

Benefactor—To James Eads How, "The Hobo Millionaire," goes credit for first publicizing the hobo, building up the hobo colleges in "jungles," on park benches, and the founding of the *Hobo News*.

How was the son of the Vice-President of the Wabash Railroad, a graduate of Harvard and of the St. Louis Medical College, a successful practitioner of his profession until he turned his back on society. He paid for his choice by being disowned by father, mother, relatives, was declared incompetent and received but a small dole out of the million he had inherited from his grandfather.

A physically frail, distinguished-appearing man with his goatee, he was highly respected by his hobo fraternity. When he died in his late fifties seven years ago, Dan O'Brien wrote to the New York *Herald Tribune*:

"The world's have-nots have lost a loyal, persistent and selfless friend." His will, leaving \$800,000 to the International Brotherhood Welfare Association, which he incorporated in Ohio, is still tied up by Cincinnati courts.

When King Dan hits the road this spring "to settle this king business," he leaves behind him New York's "main stem" with its "hash foundry," flop-houses and easy life.

As he heads west out of New Jersey's railroad yards, danger will race with him in speeding sound and wind, every lurch of the train. Violent death has taken many on the road.

But O'Brien says lightly: "More men have been killed by jobs."

Hobo Vernacular

jungles	hobo camps.
main stems	main city sections.
bindlestiff	hobo with baggage, mostly in the West.
scissorbill	moron.
munies	municipal lodging-houses.
stemming	panhandling in cities.
vag	vagrancy.
snowbirds	hobos who go South in winter.
heat artists	canned heat drinkers.
muligan	jungle dish of all available meat and vegetables.
C & A pocket	a pocket cut into the back lining of the coat to hold food.
doughhead	baker.
sniping	stealing.
bull cook	camp flunky.
reefer	refrigerator.
bone polisher	vicious dog.
The Buck	Catholic priest, many of whom are good for a dollar.
John Hollow-legs	a bum with the "hunger horrors."
pedler	a local or slow freight.
possum belly	riding the top of a passenger-coach.
glims	a pair of spectacles.
Jerries	section hands on a railroad.
the hiker	small town marshal.
town clown	small town policeman.
sniping a	stealing off a
gooseberry	clothes-line.
gandy dancer	extra railroad gangs.
rust eaters	wheat harvesters.
mushfakers	road umbrella menders.
clover kicker	farmer, rube.
mission stiff	men who follow nose diving in missions.
shuffler	a jobless worker.
jungle buzzard	a man who eats the food left in the jungles.
on the drag	on the road.
gump	a chicken.
lump	a handout.
gay cat	amateur hobo.

TIDE TURNS FOR SPANISH LOYALISTS

Powerful Russian Planes Spread Rout of the Rebels

Last November 6, Gen. Francisco Franco's officers, pounding at the gates of Madrid, gleefully telephoned the city's restaurants from the suburbs and ordered their dinners for the next night. Fascist sympathizers throughout Europe telegraphed the Insurgent leaders their congratulations in care of the General Post-Office.

Many correspondents believe he could have walked into the demoralized Capital that Friday night. He did not. And last week, the once optimistic officers were farther than ever from the meal they dreamed of five months ago.

On every front, Loyalists gained. In the north, Basques drove the enemy back from Bilbao, their coveted port on the Bay of Biscay. Farther south, Government troops closed in within thirty miles of Burgos, Insurgent Capital. Daily, the Government forces, consolidating their tremendous rout of the Italians at Guadalajara, turned the defense of the Capital into a brilliant attack on the enemy some sixty miles away.

Foreigners Routed—Still farther south, in the rocky hills of Cordoba Province, they surged against what Republican Valencia described as the "demoralized Italo-German army, whose extermination or capture is only a matter of time," and saved coal-mines and rich mercury deposits for the Republic. Even in Insurgent-held Spanish Morocco, fliers from the north plumped bombs on Ceuta.

Herbert L. Matthews of the *New York Times* ascribed the resurgence of Loyalist forces, which had so often seemed doomed, to their recent air superiority—bolstered with the best planes of Soviet Russia. For four months, Italian and German pilots had things their own way, and then the Loyalist reinforcements took control of the skies.

Germans Lag—"It is a literal fact," Matthews wrote, "that during January the Madrid Government air-force shot down

Junkers bombers faster than they could be manufactured in Germany. Since December, the Loyalist air-force has kept up an average of eleven Insurgent planes shot down for every two the Loyalists have lost.

"So, when the Guadalajara offensive started, the Insurgents there could not rely on their air-corps. Worse than that, when the tide turned and the Madrid Government launched its counter-offensive, Loyalist planes performed amazing feats of bombardment and strafing that so disorganized the Insurgents that they were half beaten before the Loyalist land-forces reached them."

Air Horror—Recently Madrid has so perfected its aerial defense that daytime raids have virtually died out—the last week Richard Mowrer proved that a single raid can still blacken civilian life with horror. The attack he described netted one broken gas main and only one man killed.

"A black truck," he said in the *Chicago Daily News*, "drew up beside the corpse on the edge of the sidewalk. Two men clad in black smocks got out and opened the rear door of the truck, exposing three tiers of unpainted wooden coffins.

"The driver pulled one out and set it down in the gutter, near the dead man, and then uncovered him. The men lifted off pieces of the tattered black cloth, which was once an overcoat, and dropped them in the bottom of the coffin. One of the men went through the man's pockets and put what he found in a newspaper. Then they moved the wooden box a little closer and rolled the body in. There were only his legs to lift him in by. They slid the box into the back of the truck and drove away, leaving a wet, dull red place on the curb until street-cleaners washed it away."

Basques Protest—At Durango, in the Loyalist Basque country, Insurgents flew low over the town during mass, and dropped

bombs on churches. Casualties included two priests killed at prayer, and twelve nuns. Moreover, President José Antonio de Aguirre, ardent Catholic leader of the Basques, protested to Pope Pius against the murder of Loyalist priests, and the use of Moors against his compatriots.

"Black infidel forces have been brought to Spain by those who in their madness have taken the religion of Christ as a war-banner," he said.

Within the Insurgent lines, Spaniards are by now accustomed to the dark-skinned invaders, since they crossed from Morocco last July. Even Franco's officers, however, boiled with resentment at the arrogance of his Italian allies. At Tetuan, Spanish Morocco, mechanics seized arms and started a revolt which had spread to their officers before authorities arrested several hundred mutineers, killing thirty-six.

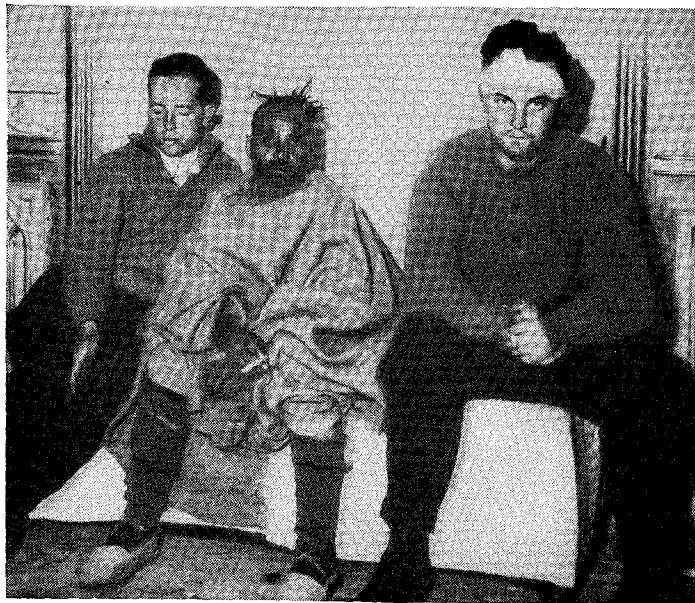
In Algeciras, southern Spain, Rebels also struck against their leaders, and Gibraltar heard that fifty mutineers and 200 Government prisoners paid with their lives for the short-lived revolt. Officials also ordained death sentences without trial for any one heard discussing the conspiracy.

Italians Hissed—At Salamanca, Valladolid and Burgos, reports said, civilians hissed the Italians as they marched down the streets, and in the Insurgent Capital, at least, officials fired on the demonstrators. The *London News Chronicle* revealed that the Germans celebrated Italian defeats: "The Germans were delighted, because they felt that while the Germans in the International (Loyalist) Brigade might be Communists and Jews, they could still fight like Germans and defeat the Italians."

With discontent racing through his main strongholds, undermining Fascist morale while it inspired the Loyalists, General Franco faced a guerrilla war no less dangerous because it is unsung.

"There is a war going on in Spain," the *Manchester Guardian* reported, "which never appears in the newspapers. It is a grim, lonely, sporadic war which has been going on since July 20 and which will go on long after the 'official' war has ended. . . .

"Information which has been coming to hand shows that there are large tracts of country inside the Rebel lines which are completely unsubdued. They are occupied



German (left) and Italian (right) captives of war prove active interest of their Dictators in Revolution-torn Spain on side of Insurgents

Sobleman and Pictures, Inc.

by bands which have taken to the hills and have lived a sort of bandit life there, armed with muskets, pistols and knives; hidden and fed by the villagers and ready to fall upon any Rebel scouting party.

"These bands, made up of antifascists, fugitives from captured cities, peasants, muleteers and even intellectuals, are far more numerous and far stronger than even the Government could hope at first."

Paris dispatches indicated for the first time that Germany and Italy might be willing to withdraw their men if some face-saving arrangement could be worked out for the exodus of foreign Loyalists at the same time, together with a truce between Spain's warring forces.

HEAD-BASHER: Japanese Diplomats Have Free-for-All at Geisha Party

Most crotchety anonymous spokesman any Foreign Office ever had was a 190-pound bespectacled Japanese who spat fire in 1932 when Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson murmured, "O my! O my!" at Japan's antics in Manchuria. To Stimson's horrified: "but China's territorial integrity . . . ?" the spokesman barked:

"The sovereignty and territorial integrity of China do not exist." To Stimson's hint that Japan risked losing her mandated islands in the Pacific, the brash Tokyo underling sneered:

"These islands are now Japanese possessions—spoils of war." And to an expression of worried concern as to the fate of the Nine Power Treaty—signed in Washington in 1922—he snorted:

"No one accused either the United States or Great Britain of violating that treaty when they bombarded Nanking in 1927."

Cardinal Sin—Last week, ten pounds heavier and fifty, Toshio Shiratori, still pugnacious, though a full-fledged diplomat now,* was a vacation guest at a Tokyo geisha party. No longer anonymous, he was still convinced that pussyfooting is the cardinal sin of Japanese diplomacy.

Host to the assembled diplomats was slim, wiry Tokichi Tanaka, himself once Ambassador to Red Moscow, now "front man" for the anti-Red financiers who back Japan's *Wall Street Journal*—the *Chugai Shogyo Shimpō*—of which Tanaka is President.

Ears avid for gossip of foreign Capitals, pretty geishas plied the diplomats with hot, heady rice-wine . . . tittered appreciatively at the stories of Italy by Doichi Matsuda, Ambassador to Rome . . . listened gravely to Teutonic trivia retailed by bald Torikichi Obata, former Ambassador to Berlin. With captious Shiratori the geishas were extra tactful.

By a little skilful pumping, they perhaps hoped to learn why Obata, separated from Cabinet office by only one small formality (he came near being Foreign Minister), suddenly, after a long talk with Premier Senjuro Hayashi, withdrew his name in February and faded into the background. From the others . . . well, the geishas would be glad to learn anything.

Typical Geisha Party—It was a typical geisha gossip and guzzling party in a

*Minister to Sweden.



Pictures, Inc.

With Japan's Parliament dissolved, Legislators will wake up and hustle for votes

choice restaurant of the Shiba-ku quarter, the guests squatting on cushions, while the geishas knelt before them, pouring the wine, singing occasionally to the strumming of their graceful *samisens* (three-stringed guitars)—always keeping the chatter lively, the party from growing dull.

From diplomatic shop-talk the conversation veered suddenly to the eternal question of fascism. Argument and wine mounted to Shiratori's black-thatched, profascist head. Even the mild antifascist Obata raised his voice. But as Japanese quarrels almost never become physical, no one thought of intervening.

Suddenly Obata barked what Shiratori considered a fighting word. A brusque gesture of protest upset Shiratori's wooden arm-rest—an eighteen-inch-high, four-inch-wide padded stool, once available only to the Lords of Clan, now provided for any geisha house dinner.

Useful to lean on when fatigued, the arm-rest became to the far-from-weary and infuriated diplomatic heavy-weight a heaven-sent club.

Swings Arm-Rest—Like a flail, he whirled it at arm's length, narrowly missing two pretty geishas in the swing. The blow stretched the elderly Obata unconscious, blood gushing from a three-inch scalp wound.

Sake bowls clattered on the floor. Screaming geishas ran. Diplomats leaped, shouting, to their feet.

Host Tanaka, horrified, his select party now a bloody brawl, yelled for servants, had them carry the gore-covered Obata to his car, rushed him to a doctor. The other diplomats crept home and waited for the scandal to break.

As they would in the District of Columbia if Ambassador William Bullitt had, in a Washington night-club, shivered a chair over the venerable head of Senator Borah, Tokyo's telephone bells jangled through the early morning hours. With the dawn, black head-lines splashed the news through all the islands.

But at 11 o'clock, in the new \$10,000,000 House of Parliament, there broke a more important storm when Speaker

Kojiro Tomita stood erect and read an Imperial ordinance obtained by Premier Senjuro Hayashi during the night.

Assembly Dissolved—Interrupted in whispered gossip over the Ambassadors' brawl, the 466 Representatives of the lower House realized suddenly that on the last day of the session, their Assembly was being dissolved, that each and every one of them was being sentenced to go out and fight for reelection within thirty days.

"The Cabinet does not understand parliamentary politics," gasped the surprised Representatives. "They attempt to stuff a mass of bills down our throats. . . . They disregard our deliberative rights . . . take us for one of the administrative organs of the State."

But the Cabinet had made up its mind. Safely voted was its record \$802,000,000 budget, more than half of which went to the Army and Navy; but forty government bills were still held up, "while the Representatives bargained for a new election law."

"Must" legislation delayed included the Military Secrets Bill, the Iron Industries Bill, the Synthetic Gasoline Bill, Farmer Debt Bill, National Health Bill, and National Fuel Bill, all written to strengthen the Empire in the event of war.

For twenty-four hours, the Cabinet had disputed among themselves before agreeing on a parliamentary dissolution. Once agreed, they announced blandly:

"The Government has decided to appeal to the conscience and judgment of the people."

BLOOMERS DOOMED: Albanian King Emancipates Nation's Femininity From Old Modes

"A little more than my dog, a little less than my horse—my wife!"

In contented slavery, Albania's women, whose dark eyes peep out from all-concealing head-cloths, have for years resisted all King Zog's attempts to modernize them.

Last week, wearying of a struggle which

Mustapha Kemal Pasha won in Turkey a decade ago, he unveiled them by law. Pageants symbolized the liberation of women in the most primitive country in Europe, and their few Westernized leaders piled the black veils in great heaps and burned them. The long full bloomers of the poor, gaily decorated in red flower prints, were also doomed. Here and there a woman, exposed to the gaze of strangers for the first time since, as a child of twelve, she donned the black shroud, blushed uneasily. The law, correspondents believed, would serve only to keep older women off the streets.

But young girls clamored for foreign dress, lip-stick and powder, instead of the old corrosive sublimity which whitened their mothers' complexions but cursed them to a premature withering.

Women Subdued—When an Albanian master or owner—popular words for husband—strolls down the road in a mountain village or even in Tirana, the Capital, his female property marches decently behind. In homes where women are protected by thick walls and latticed windows, the wife rises when her lord enters the room. In case her chair is so placed that it would give her precedence over him, she hurriedly moves to a lower seat. She works like a man in wheat-fields or orange-orchards, tends flocks on the rocky hillsides, or wields an ax with the best, neither asking nor expecting favors. If she gets a beating for her trouble, the man acts within his rights.

Yet, in a country 70 per cent. Moslem, woman's lot might be worse. Monogamy is nearly universal, in spite of Mohammed's edict granting a man the privilege of marrying four wives. In the land of blood vendettas, the fiercest brigand would never attack a woman, or fire at an enemy accompanied by his wife or mother.

Personality Rules—Moreover, many mountain women rule whole clans simply by the force of their personality. Thus King Zog's father, Djemal Pasha, who for years led Albanian patriots against the Turks, admitted that he acted on his wife's inspiration. That determined woman, Prin-

cess Sadije Toptani, also kept the bachelor Zog under her strong, broad thumb, meanwhile teaching him that the man who can rule the women of his family need fear no other master. Luckily he learned that lesson, for even after her death two years ago, he was subject to the freely volunteered advice of more women relatives—five sisters and seven aunts—than any other ruler. Like all women of his clan, cloistered tho they are, they are celebrated for their graceful walk, statuesque figures, low voices and subtle Mona Lisa expressions.

While Zog struts around, comic-opera-like, in one or another of the 2,000 uniforms with which gossip credits him, his sisters pass their days in the occupations of the humblest mountain women, cooking, sewing.

King's Romance—The sensational *Sunday Express* of London credited Zog's latest reform to the Hungarian Countess Johanna von Mikes, a Roman Catholic who recently denied rumors of their engagement with a cryptic: "I can not yet speak. Officially, nothing has happened." Tho the King definitely denied the romance, the reports persist.

At any rate, perhaps because his road-building and other public works have failed to bring prosperity to Albania's million inhabitants, he believes that the real modernization of the country lies in the emancipation of women. As he said when opening his puppet Parliament in February: "This year the progress made will be double that achieved during the whole of the past decade."

FASCIST SLUMP: Troubled Times Disturb Italy, U. S. Business Man Reports

Americans still believe that "money talks." In Fascist Italy, *Il Duce* alone talks. For fifteen years, Premier Benito Mussolini and his Fascist *i gerarchi* have been trying to impress the world with the idea that the Dictator is the mouthpiece

for 43,000,000 contented, single-minded Italians.

Last week, while tension between England and Italy continued unabated over Spain, a skeptical world was roused to curiosity as reports of distress and food shortage began to trickle through the strict censorship, mostly *via* tourists and muzzled American correspondents.

"In recent weeks," reports the United Press, "every foreign correspondent has been severely reprimanded for his dispatches, and in some cases newspapers which correspondents serve have been banned from Italy." Most glaring recent case was the *New York Herald Tribune's* John T. Whitaker.

Air-Tight Control—The task of appraising the economic situation in Italy is rendered harder by the air-tight control of the Fascist régime on all statistics which are only disclosed according to a prearranged pattern, as occasions arise. Freshest Fascist edict indicating a tightening of all economic stress is an order by *Il Capo del Governo* on March 29 that all public vehicles use synthetic fuel, a move apparently designed to save gasoline for war eventualities.

"Mussolini announces," according to the *Liberal London News Chronicle*, "that, as part of the policy of putting Italy on a war basis, the country is to be made self-sufficient. This is an aspiration rather than a practical possibility. No great Power is in a worse position to become self-sufficient than Italy. She can feed herself, tho with some difficulty as regards wheat and meat (difficulties which would be increased if men were taken from the land for soldiering)."

"Of raw materials for munitions, Italy produces very little of her requirements. Coal can be dispensed with for the generation of power. But it is necessary for steel-making, and Italy has almost no coal. Even if she had coal, she has no iron. Nearest iron supplies are in Spanish Morocco, now controlled by France."

"Efforts have been made to grow cotton, vital for explosives, but it is extremely unlikely that enough is yet produced at home. Non-ferrous metals, also essential, are not found in Italy. Nor is oil. Only material of which Italy has ample supply is marble. Chief use is for tombstones."

Present-Day Picture—Confirming this impression is the picture of present-day Italy which Joseph Cade, a Standard Oil Company employee, painted to a reporter for the *Boston Globe*:

"Mussolini, in his mad thirst for funds to carry out his armament program, is cracking down on the Italian people so severely that he is slowly but surely driving the country to starvation . . . a growing unrest against the Dictator is sweeping the land."

"Much dissatisfaction prevails, but Italians are afraid to voice their opinions, and those who dare to complain speak only in whispers. . . . Government agents are evidently aware of this, and it is impossible for a man to obtain employment unless he first takes an oath of allegiance to Mussolini."

Italian-born United States citizens generally hesitate to report on adverse conditions in Italy, for the Fascist propaganda machine has impressed them with the belief that to do so would be "unpatriotic." Moreover, Fascist propaganda finds ardent mouthpieces in practically all the Italian foreign-language newspapers of the



Keystone

King Zog has decreed: No longer will subservient Albanian women hide behind veils and baggy bloomers . . . even humble peasants march forward to a new era

United States, with the exception of a handful of Socialist and Communist dailies and weeklies. Most outspoken champions of Fascist Italy are *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* and *Corriere d'America* of New York, whose publisher has been decorated with the Order of Grand Ufficiale. Nothing is ever published against the Fascist régime in these pro-Fascist newspapers.

Recently returned Italians, however, report unanimously that the cost of living is exorbitant. Laborers, they say, get 10 *lire* (about 53 cents) a day, while skilled workers receive about double that amount, in accordance with government regulations designed to prevent profiteering in wages and prices. All youths must work five and a half hours a day, devoting Saturday afternoon to military training. Staples such as eggs (8 cents apiece), butter (80 cents lb.), sugar (18 cents lb.), bread (9 cents a loaf) and milk (10 cents a quart) are hard to get, like beef. Only vegetables are plentiful, and people confine their viands to baby lamb and veal.

Complaints against Fascism, these sources say, come mostly from the older generations, as the youths have all been trained in Fascist ideology and ardently believe *Il Duce* will save Italy and make her a yet greater and more prosperous power, pointing to his recent conquest of Ethiopia.

Duce's Surrender—Reports of hardship in Italy have further instigated critics to point to the recent treaty signed by Italy with her traditional post-War enemy, Yugoslavia, arguing that *Il Duce* surrendered because of his need of that country's trade, which fast-expanding Germany is quickly capturing.

Further indication of the economic stress is the fact that Italy's 1936 budget (omitting appropriations for developing Ethiopia) has soared to the all-time record of about \$1,070,000,000, as compared to New York City's \$545,541,843.

Meanwhile, Italians' principal hope of economic relief is centered in Ethiopia's as yet undeveloped and purportedly vast resources.

GANDHI'S STAY-OUT: Indian Leader Asks Followers to Fight New Constitution

Tho officially out of politics, last week Mahatma Gandhi blinked through his metal-rimmed glasses and mumbled a pronunciamiento which electrified millions of Indians by sanctioning a stay-out *hartal* against the new Constitution, which they had voted into operation this month.

The sainted leader threw his full support behind his radical successor to the Presidency of the All-India Nationalist Congress and urged his followers to cease cooperating with the British *Raj*.

Gandhi spoke militantly and blamed the British for "flouting the majority" in blocking the era of autonomy which "they claim the Constitution has given the Provinces."

"British rule," he said, "will be of the sword, not of the pen or of the indisputable majority."

Britain Accused—Assuming full responsibility for proposing that his party's candidates stay out of Ministries in six out of the eleven Provinces where they captured overwhelming majorities (LITERARY DIGEST, April 3), the Mahatma roundly accused Britain of having "once more openly broken a pledge."

President Jawaharlal Nehru and Gandhi were one in insisting that their party men boycott the Legislatures unless the Governors of the Provinces agreed in advance not to exercise their power of veto over Nationalist legislation enacted in accordance with the Constitution. The Congress Party also strongly objected to the powers accorded to Governors to maintain peace and to protect the rights of minorities and native rulers.

When the Crown-appointed British Governors refused to comply with Congress demands, the Nationalists ordered the *hartal*, which threatens to paralyze Indian trade. The Governors, however, retaliated and attempted to form minority Ministries, tho thousands of shops, factories and schools in Madras, Bombay, the Central

Provinces, Behar and Orissa refused to open. Despite the ban Britons imposed on demonstrations and parades, Hindus dodged constables and sepoys and denounced British "tyranny."

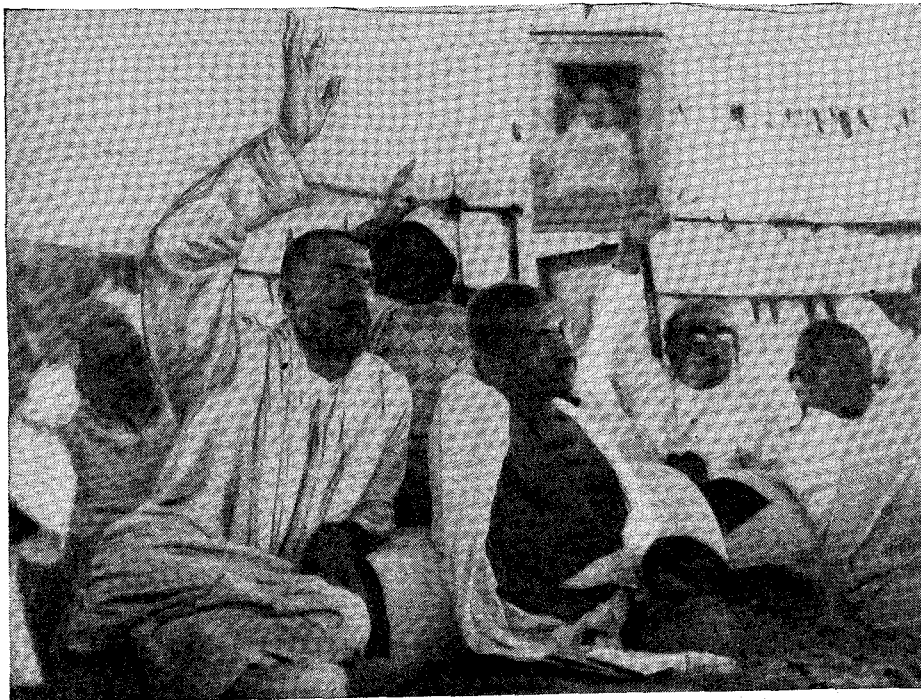
Election Goal—Elated over his triumph of nearly wrecking the Constitution, Nehru banked on the boycott to deadlock Provincial administration and force new elections at the end of six months, as the Constitution provides. Shrewdly, he counted on this tie-up to inflame Indian indignation, roll up greater majorities in another heated campaign, control other Provinces and preach complete independence.

Indians were likewise deaf to the message of their King Emperor, George VI, who cabled that he trusted "a new chapter is thus opening and it is my fervent hope and prayer that the opportunities now available to them will be used wisely and generously for the lasting benefit of all my Indian people."

Expanding slowly, the strike spread throughout India, with Moslems mostly on the British side. Governors, however, were able to form complete Coalition Ministries in Bengal, Punjab, Sind, Assam and Northwest Frontier Province, where the Congress Party is in the minority.

Alternative—Writing for the North American Newspaper Alliance, the Marquess of Lothian, who took a leading rôle in framing India's present Constitution, asserts that "the only real alternative to acceptance of office . . . is a reversion to civil disobedience, and that course leads once more to repression and revolution."

"The attitude of Congress," writes Prof. Harold Temperley in the London *Spectator*, "has always been irresponsible, but then it has seldom had any responsibility before. Now, for the first time, it has it. President Nehru and the extremists desired Congress not to accept office anywhere, and unquestionably tried every method of preventing such cooperation. Some of them denounced the Constitution as a 'clay-doll' or a 'slave-instrument,' and the British Government as 'satanic.'"



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Loyal followers who raised their hands to vote a protest against the resignation of Mahatma Gandhi later applauded his views against the new Constitution

DUTCH DELIGHT: Rising Prices Bring Wealth to Amsterdam From Colonies

*In matters of commerce
The fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little
And asking too much.*

Sprawling over the earth's equator in huge, unexplored tracts of everlasting summer, bejeweled by numberless lakes, dotted with volcanoes, steaming under a blanket of rank jungles, the islands which form the Netherlands East Indies are sixty times larger than the mother country, their population eight times as great.

Java, famed for its aromatic coffee, is as large as England; the Dutch portion of Borneo is bigger than France; the area of Sumatra, rubber and teakwood country, exceeds that of California; the Dutch section of New Guinea is only slightly smaller than Japan; and Celebes is greater than New Zealand and Ceylon combined. Bali, about twice the size of Delaware, is a paradise of idyllic living, song and *dolce far niente*. (See page 30.) From these islands, the Dutch have drawn fabulous riches for more than 300 years.

Last week, with crude rubber threatening to go to 30 cents a pound—more if



Richard W. Kaak

An aristocratic woman of Bali weaves a sarong on an island unmarred by Western influence

war should suddenly expand the spot demand—Amsterdam looked to Sumatra, where sweating brown men and Chinese coolies from Canton feverishly bled the trees for “white milk” destined to become automobile tires and garden hose. With every leap of the world’s commodity markets, Dutch wealth increased.

Javanese Girdle—But not all Dutch wealth comes from Sumatra’s rubber. Of all their rich island possessions, Java, sung by Dutch poets as “the beautiful Insulinde entwining the Equator like an emerald girdle,” is the most populous and most highly developed. The seat of government and business, Java has a population of almost 42,000,000, or 314.5 per square mile.

Java and Madura are usually thought of together, and the mixed humanity that inhabits them is mostly made up of peasants who live in villages and earn a skimpy livelihood by cultivating, individually or communally, large rice-fields terraced up the hillsides. Because of the absence of a middle class among the Javanese and the presence of other jarring racial groups, elections are held on a racial basis.

In general, the Dutch authorities maintain an “open door” colonial policy, but object to freeholds. Instead, they grant rental agreements which foreign companies make with natives under government supervision.

This device permits not more than one-third of the communal areas to be rented to capitalists, who must rotate sugar-cane, rice, maize and bean crops every eighteen months.

Colonial System—The Dutch Colonial Administration has evolved from one of the sternest and most conservative to one of the most liberal colonial systems in the

world. Natives have gained a generous maximum of power and, as far as possible, the nominal ruling is done by native chieftains, who draw salaries from the Government, with the Dutch authorities remaining in the background. Thus the Dutch Resident and the Javanese Regent rule the Provinces like “an elder and a younger brother.” The Regent is usually a member of an old, highly esteemed clan, altho not necessarily a hereditary ruler. Under him are the District Chiefs (*Wedonos*), Sub-District Chiefs (*Tjamats*) and, finally, the village chieftains (*Luras* or *Kuwuhs*), who are elected under the supervision of the colonial authorities.

Patterned somewhat after the Roman Empire, the Dutch colonial system endeavors to make the natives feel they are part of the administration. To achieve this feeling, back in 1916 a *Volksraad* (People’s Council) was instituted to advise the Governor-General. It is recruited partly from the Regency and partly from the Provincial Councils.

Sticklers for order and neatness, the Dutch have taught the Javanese that dirt and slovenliness are the housewife’s disgrace. This is seen even at busy Tanjong Priok Harbor, Batavia’s port, whose fine wharves, warehouses and quays are as spick and span as any Rotterdam kitchen.

Native Culture—With the exception of about 242,000 Europeans, the natives are mainly Indonesians—small of stature, light to dark brown in color, with thick, sleek black hair, broadly formed heads, wide noses and thick lips. They represent nearly all stages of development, from head-hunting cannibals to the most modern civilization. One finds a suggestion of the life of an Oriental sultan in the last of the native kingdoms of Java; and on Bali an ancient Hindu civilization far older than that of Europe, still untouched by Western influence.

To-day, in nearly all of Java and Sumatra, and in large sections of the Celebes and the smaller islands of the Archipelago, about three-fourths of the people are Moslem, the others being Chinese, Japanese, Arabs. The ancient religion of Java was

a form of animism, followed by Brahmanism and later, Buddhism. But Islam made the largest conquests as Arab traders flocked to the islands and did a brisk business in teakwood, spices and other tropical products with the natives, whom they gradually converted to their religion.

The islands produce a large variety of agricultural and forest articles for export, including rice, rubber, teakwood, maize, tobacco, coffee, cassava, ground nuts, soya-beans, sugar and cinchona bark.

FOREIGN FLASHES

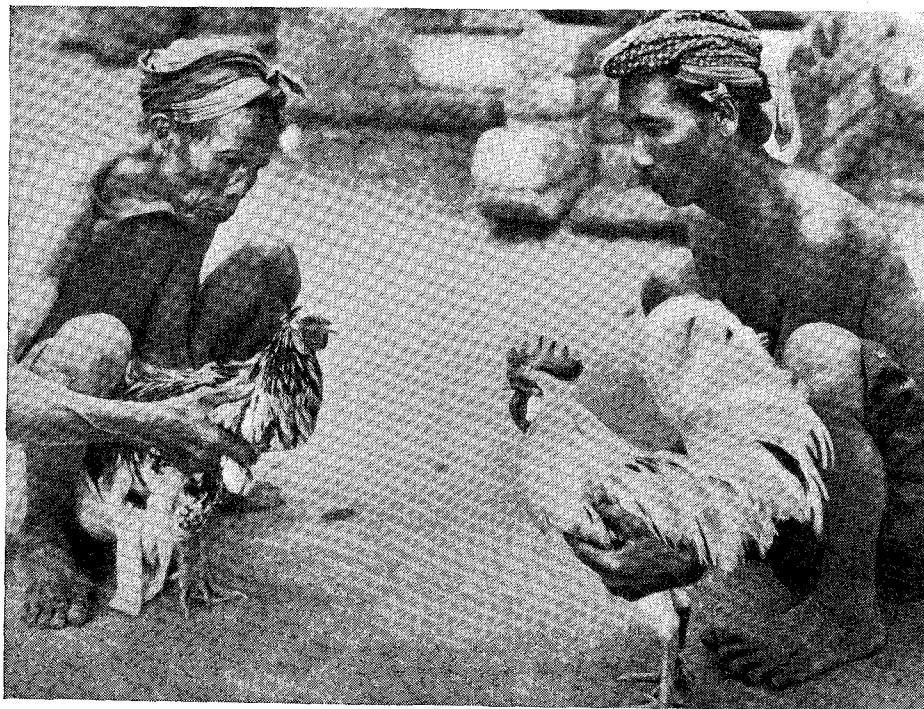
Reykjavik—Tired of waiting for the opening of a transatlantic air service, Iceland’s Government last week agreed to renew the lease of Pan American Airways on a landing-field on condition that trial flights between Reykjavik and Europe shall be made this summer. Two flights must be made in 1938, four in 1939 and 1940. Regular service must be in effect by 1942.

* * *

Dairen—Manchukuo’s all-purpose soya-bean, already used for rubber, butter substitutes, varnish, flour, candy, celluloid, medicine, animal food, fertilizer and chop-suey sauce, is now used in Japan as the raw material for rayon. Rayon is made from the husks, heretofore used only by the farmers of Manchukuo for thatching their houses and for fuel. The bean is also made into a milk substitute said to give amazing strength to babies in regions where cows’ milk is scarce.

* * *

Tokyo—One hundred Buddhist priests last week said prayers for the souls of more than 50,000 pets buried at the Saishinji Temple in what is believed to be the world’s largest animal cemetery. Among souls prayed for were those of goldfish, singing crickets, monkeys, rabbits and, of course, cats and dogs. Covered with cherry-blossoms on his direct instructions was the grave of Mary, one of Emperor Hirohito’s pet cats.



Richard W. Kaak

Cock fights still abound as favorite sport on the picturesque island of Bali

MEDICAL CARE, ECONOMICS DEBATED

American Foundation Publishes Exhaustive Report on Study

Is the American system of medical economics badly out of joint?

For many months, earnest advocates and equally earnest opponents of various schemes of health insurance, social security and socialized medicine have engaged in acrid controversy productive of much heat and some light. Into this emotionally surcharged atmosphere last week was dropped a monumental two-volume study of the relation of Government to health which will inevitably become required reading for any one concerned with the cost and administration of medical care.

In "American Medicine: Expert Testimony Out of Court," some 2,000 doctors speak their minds with forthrightness which makes their testimony a fascinating document for both layman and professional. The contributing doctors not only take the family skeleton out of the economic closet, but examine its articulation, analyze how it got that way, prescribe possible refurbishing treatments or arrive at the conclusion that it isn't such a bad old skeleton after all.

Publisher of the report is the American Foundation, an institution endowed by the late Edward Bok, famed *Ladies Home Journal* Editor, to make studies in Government. The Foundation's technique is to present a problem to competent and interested groups, define it by assembling factors brought forward in discussion, and let these groups do the researching.

Show-Down—The Foundation inaugurated its medical survey with no other conviction than that the problem of medical costs and care needed clarification as it approached the stage of legislative gestation.* To 2,100 doctors, including surgeons, general practitioners, specialists, medical school instructors—a cross-section of the profession—it sent letters of inquiry to this effect:

"Has your experience led you to believe that a radical reorganization of medical care in this country is indicated? If so, in what direction? If you do not believe that radical reorganization is indicated, what, if any, changes or revisions in the present system would you like to see made?"

"American Medicine" is based on approximately 5,000 letters received from these physicians, many of whom wrote twice or oftener to expand their views. Almost without exception, the contributors are members of the American Medical Association. They include such distinguished names as Charles and William Mayo, Harvey Cushing, Charles Gordon Heyd, President of the A.M.A.; Donald C. Balfour, President of the American College of Surgeons; Ernest B. Bradley, President of the American College of Physicians; Thomas Parran, George W. Crile. The list is broadly representative of the 155,000 licensed practitioners in the country, covering all groups in the profession and all geographical regions.

Among the 2,000 contributors there is

a wide divergence of opinion on conditions of medical practise; by selecting some opinions and ignoring others, almost any point can be impressively documented. Fear that something of the sort may be done is expressed in an editorial in the *New York State Journal of Medicine*, which warns that "this very divergence of opinion will be seized upon by the socializers in Washington to foist their schemes upon us."

It is true that many contributors favor compulsory health insurance and forms of State medicine involving government supervision, to which organized medicine as an abstract unit is steadfastly opposed.

But more significant is the preoccupation of doctors with the quality of medical care. Their most fundamental interest is how to educate better doctors, how to bring expensive instruments of modern diagnosis to communities which need them, how to prevent men with mediocre qualifications from performing unnecessary operations, how to elevate hospital standards and extend the field of preventive medicine. Thoughtful, mature, provoking—their letters abound with constructive suggestions. The principal service of the Foundation report may very well be to stimulate informed action.

One of the principal charges leveled against medicine is that adequate medical care is not generally available. By and large, contributors admit this charge, altho many emphasize that "adequate anything" is not available to large sections of the population, and that "adequate" and "available" both need definition. Doctors do not turn away needy patients, but many people live in isolated areas, do not know how to seek a doctor, dose themselves with patent medicines. A member of the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association writes:

"As long as it is only the services of a general practitioner that are required, the individual can probably connect with one, but as soon as institutional care is needed (for either diagnosis or treatment) difficulties are likely to develop."

Medical costs are unnecessarily high, in the opinion of many physicians, because

Is the Doctor Overpaid?

However burdensome the costs of medical care may be to the individual stricken with a costly illness, the income of the average doctor is far from excessive. He invests some \$25,000 in his education, is about thirty years old before his earning power begins, loses that earning power the instant his professional activity is curtailed.

Figures of the Bureau of Economics of the American Medical Association indicate that in prosperous years—

10 per cent. of all doctors earn less than \$2,000
35 per cent. earn less than \$5,000
40 per cent. earn less than \$10,000
15 per cent. earn \$10,000 and over.

In depression years—

25 per cent. earn less than \$2,000
50 per cent. earn less than \$5,000
20 per cent. earn less than \$10,000
5 per cent. earn \$10,000 and over.

of a curious tendency of many people to extravagance in illness.

"People in moderate circumstances are satisfied to ride in a day coach and to economize on shelter, clothing and food, but these same people, when they are sick, want the best accommodations, and every one demands the specialists," writes a Washington, D. C., surgeon.

And a Louisville radiologist confirms: "Not infrequently the doctor is left holding the bag because the patient spends all of his money on luxury hospital service."

The trend of Government, in the opinion of many, is a controlling factor in medical administration which makes all philoso-



Pictures, Inc.

Dr. Charles Mayo offered comments in new survey of medical situation

phizing more or less futile. Modern industrial life has changed the old-time relationship of general practitioner and patient.

"Medicine is continuing to hold to an individual economy, while the masses of people are probably requiring, or at least demanding, a social organization with greater security," writes a former President of the American College of Physicians. "Some changes in the time-honored relationship of physician and patient seem necessary, for sickness stands next to unemployment as a cause of poverty."

Charity Cases—Even those sharply opposed to practically any other form of governmental participation are often clear advocates of governmental responsibility for the care of the indigent sick. At present, the burden rests largely on the shoulders of physicians as charity treatment. Others cite experiences in free clinics as examples of highly abused State medicine.

A Midwestern urologist writes: "I recently plucked a patient from a charity service who paid me a surgical fee of \$200. He had passed safely through a so-called social service."

And a Detroit surgeon states: "My experience has taught me that approximately three-fourths of our welfare care could be

* "Surgery Applied to Medical Costs." THE LITERARY DIGEST, January 30, 1937.

paid for by the patients themselves, at least at the welfare rate of charge."

What of the personal relationship, the confidence between patient and doctor, which figures in all debates on socialized medicine and health insurance as an element which would be lost by regimentation? The weight of opinion of contributors is that such terms as "free choice of physician" and "doctor-patient relation" do mean something very real, but that to some extent they have been used as smoke screens.

"Few of our correspondents are cynical about the art of medicine," says the Foundation report, "but many of them are very cynical about the 'artists' in medicine." Under this heading comes the practitioner with a bedside manner but possibly inferior training. Yet "fear remains the dominant factor in all of man's illnesses, and medical art knows that confidence is the



Acme

Dr. William Mayo also contributed suggestions for a book on "American Medicine"

only remedy for fear," writes a Western general practitioner, making the point stressed by many that in too many cases of illness all is lost when the patient's confidence in his physician vanishes.

The Human Factor—"Will the sick, the discouraged, the frightened, ever find in socialized medicine more than a small measure of the responsive and understanding attention which they need?" asks a California surgeon, who answers: "I am quite sure that they will not."

A number of correspondents point out that a very large part of the public is quite incompetent to choose its physician, and that the personal choice of the individual in this group is merely a recognition of the individual's right to be as foolish and as ignorant as he pleases. An Ohio internist delivers this uppercut:

"In insurance work, I have had occasion to observe that agents and applicants always like to go to physicians of their own sort. In general, 'dumb' persons like 'dumb' doctors and high-pressure salesmen

like high-pressure physicians. The social climber supports 'bluffers' in medicine—the so-called society doctor."

All through the report runs the physician's preoccupation with the quality of medical care; a considerable number of unquestioned leaders had no immediate concern in discussions of the availability of medical care and its cost.

Warnings—Three objections to schemes for distributing medical care illuminate the views of the doctor whose ingrained training supports the conviction that his patients deserve only the best:

(1) Proposals like compulsory insurance take no account of the pressing need to get rid of quacks and fakers if medical care is really to be organized.

(2) The plans very generally substitute lay for medical judgment at points where medical judgment is needed. (As when a lay committee decides how many patients a doctor shall see in a day.)

(3) Most importantly, it is pointed out that most proposals for reorganizing medical care make no provision for research based on a genuine conception of its practical importance.

On this very subject of the quality of medical care contributors express their most striking, sometimes startling, opinions. The subject of specialization is dealt with in a separate chapter, boils down to this verdict: There are too many poor specialists and not enough good ones.

Prospect of greater profits accounts for a certain amount of specialization. In 1934, one-third of U. S. physicians in active practise limited their activity to or declared particular interest in a specialty. Surgery is a specialty that comes under critical fire of contributors who make no bones about their conviction that many operations are unnecessary, sometimes bungled, sometimes fatal. A member of the National Board of Medical Examiners writes frankly:

"I am convinced, with many others, that ill-advised and in many instances unnecessary surgery is responsible for considerable illness and for many deaths. This holds not only for obstetrics, but equally for other surgical fields.

Human Guinea-Pigs—"What frequently happens is that the doctor, having finished his internship and having been attracted by the financial rewards of surgery, decides that he will be a surgeon. With no special training, he searches among his patients for those who will commit themselves to him for surgical work, and thus, by experience, he gradually learns something about surgical technique."

Methods of control from within the profession include the current tendency toward certifying boards authorized to disqualify the unfit in the various specialties. Such disqualification, however, does not prevent a licensed practitioner from hanging out his shingle as a specialist. Legislation, provisional licensure, and various methods of professional control are discussed without conclusion.

Somewhat surprising, in view of the official opposition of organized medicine to health insurance and State medicine, is the number of contributors who approve, with more or less qualification, these tendencies toward medical socialization. Since the Foundation report is in no sense a poll, opinions favorable, for instance, to health insurance, cannot be lifted out of

the volume to prove a volte-face on the part of the medical profession. Nevertheless, the general attitude toward health insurance is less hostile than might have been anticipated.

Some of the physicians favorable to health insurance (by which the compulsory governmental type is meant) state frankly that they approve because they feel something must be done to bring medical care within the reach of low-income groups. Others believe that either insurance or State medicine is inevitable, and of the two they prefer insurance. Significantly, opinion on social legislation is less well crystallized than problems of medical education, the betterment of professional quality.

Objections—Many writers who express unbending opposition to State medicine approve the extension of public health services and similar forms of Government in medicine. A doctor who approves, for instance, of his State's cancer program, does not apparently realize that that program represents a fairly advanced degree of State medicine.

"To put it bluntly," says the report, "medical men who have the needs of the population in mind are not opposed to an increasing degree of State medicine, however much they may be opposed to a thoroughgoing governmental medical system—and most of them are."

Responsibility of the Government for the care of indigent sick is generally conceded, if not insisted upon. A former President of the Association of American Physicians is convinced that "some means must speedily be found for relieving the medical profession from the antiquated and unsocial custom of contributing its services to the care of the indigent. The value of these services rendered per year in New York City alone has been estimated at over \$44,000,000."

The Battle—Distribution of scientific aids to diagnosis by tax-supported laboratories and institutions is a phase of limited State medicine which finds rather wide approval. Advocates state plainly that belated and incomplete diagnosis is the chief factor in poor medical care at present, and that the situation is general. Thousands of doctors do not have the equipment for diagnosis and are not even in a position to command it. Objectors to the socializing of diagnostic instruments see the extension of free laboratory services as an entering wedge for State medicine, and laboratory specialists are inclined to consider the project as unfair competition.

Any attempt to summarize the content of "American Medicine" in a brief review can do little more than dip into its richly varied content. Controversial problems of medical education, group practise, the place of the hospital in the organization of medical care, occupy important chapters in the two-volume report.

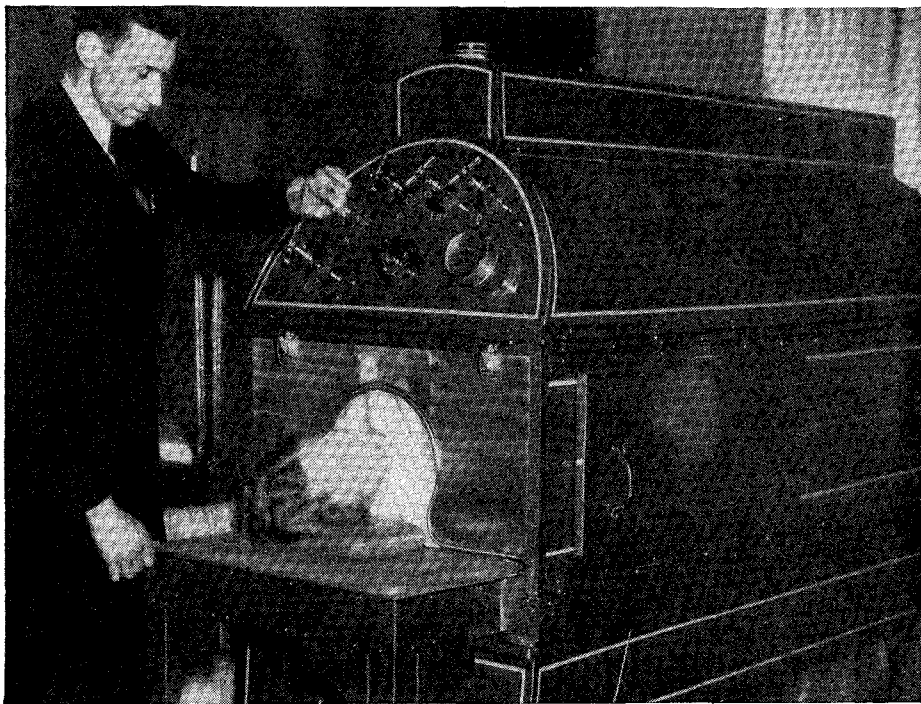
"American Medicine" is one of those rare books meriting the cliché "a living document." It is certain that the varied, turbulent, controversial nature of its content will make it a standard source-book for those who want to know what the medical profession is thinking about. Often it appears that social workers and debaters have sequestered the province of medical economics unto themselves; an important service of the Foundation report may very well be to stimulate more doctors to speak right out in meeting and

help direct the economic forces which, whether they like it or not, or even fail to recognize it, are shaping the careers of to-morrow's medicos.

American Medicine: Expert Testimony Out of Court; published in two volumes, 1,500 pages, by The American Foundation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York; price, \$3.50.

FRIENDLY FEVERS: Physicians From Twenty-Nine Countries Inspect New Medical Specialty

In New York's swank Waldorf-Astoria last week, two hundred pyrethotherapists from twenty-nine countries* marked the coming of age of a new medical specialty: the treatment of disease by friendly fevers brought about by mechanical means.



Wide World

A new medical specialty comes of age: one of the many types of fever-cabinets demonstrated at the first International Conference on Fever Therapy

As delegates to the first International Conference on Fever Therapy, the visiting doctors inspected complicated fever-making gadgets, listened to fellow specialists read papers on diseases made tractable by temperature, heard confirmation of facts they already knew: that artificial fever in conjunction with chemical treatment is practically a cure for gonorrhea, almost as satisfactory for certain types of syphilis, is useful in rheumatic fever, certain eye inflammations, St. Vitus's dance, intractable asthma, and some other ailments.

For a method of treatment only seven years old, this record is remarkable enough, and the fever experts showed no disposition to crowd it. There are still plenty of things artificial fever can not do. It is no cure-all, is dangerous in unskilled hands, but it has established itself firmly in the medical arsenal because it can work some miracles beyond the reach of any other type of therapy.

On display at the Waldorf were a dozen

*Conspicuous absentees were the official German delegates. The German Government forwarded eleventh-hour regrets, announced that the expected delegates could not attend "for technical reasons."

machines for producing fever. In general, they are air-tight cabinets in which the patient lies with only his head exposed. One fever-box provides a loop of wire which becomes an electromagnet when current flows through it, raising the temperature of the patient lying within the loop. Another fever-factory uses carbon-filament lamps as a heat source; still another blows hot air over the patient's body. Even more unusual is a short-wave broadcasting mechanism which shoots high-frequency wave-lengths through the patient's body.

Dramatic but oversimple is the common recipe for fever treatment: Put the patient in a hot oven and bake thoroughly until germs are completely cooked. Some patients, facing the prospect of three or four hours' personal cooking, become pretty violent and require psychiatric con-

results. In gonorrhea, particularly in women, in whom the disease is most serious, most difficult to treat, fever treatment has effected startling cures. In many cases cures are reported after a single baking session in a fever-cabinet. Results are speeded up by the use of a technique devised by Dr. William Bierman, who explained to the conference his method of maintaining the systemic temperature at 106° Fahrenheit, while at the same time elevating temperatures of the pelvic organs to 109°. Body electrodes are employed for this purpose, speeding the rate of germ destruction.

Insanity—Fever therapy is older than the modern machines which elevate body temperatures; these largely have been devised within the past six years. But as long ago as 1891, Prof. Julius Wagner-Jauregg* of Vienna was injecting tuberculin into patients with mental diseases, hoping to cure them through the resultant fever. Not until 1917 did he dare to shoot malaria germs into the blood streams of victims of paresis, the dreadful form of insanity which is a consequence of syphilis. The victims were doomed to die anyway; no method of treatment was known which would be of the slightest help to them, so Wagner-Jauregg took a chance.

His malaria germs worked, restored a number of doomed paretics to health. The medical world rubbed its eyes, inaugurated an excited decade of experiment which established malaria as standard therapy in paresis, and led to the development of artificial fever-machines when investigators began to suspect that it was the fever rather than the disease which made malaria treatment so effective. Machine fever has not displaced chemical methods of fighting venereal disease; in the treatment of neurosyphilis, the usual drug, arsphenamin, is employed in conjunction with fever treatments. Fever is not advised in the treatment of early syphilis, in which experiments are now being conducted. So young is fever therapy that the next few years may be expected to see striking new applications of its principles as researchers report on case histories.

Diseases—Aside from gonorrhea and syphilis, fever-therapy has proved of value in a half-dozen diseases: St. Vitus's dance (chorea), in which twenty-two out of twenty-five children were relieved of their nervous jerkings after four eight-hour treatments in a fever-box. Intractable asthma cases can be alleviated, but not cured, by machine fever. Eye inflammations threatening blindness, due to venereal infection, show appreciable improvement after fever treatment. Acute infectious non-specific arthritis, neuritis, rheumatic fever respond well to fever therapy, altho complete cures have not been announced.

Oddly enough, one of the most curious effects of fever treatment is the accentuation of the patient's personality. Whatever one's disposition, it becomes more so in the fever-cabinet, it appears. The aggressive individual is ready to fight at the drop of a hat, the sociable person feels elated, the pessimist turns more sour than normal and the hypochondriac happily finds a dozen new sensations of bodily unease.

*Wagner-Jauregg advised the addition of minute quantities of iodine to table salt to prevent goiter, can thus claim credit as popularizer of iodized salt.

ditioning. Machine-fever is distinctly a hospital procedure, with a skilled nurse and physician in attendance. A stethoscope and blood pressure measuring instrument are strapped to the patient's arm as he enters the cabinet. These instruments are carefully watched; so is the thermometer outside the fever-box.

Dangers—The highest temperature the body can safely sustain is 106.7° Fahrenheit. Above this point a tenth of a degree or two may be fatal, over the period of treatment. The brain and the heart are the two weak spots which must be watched for fever reactions.

Does the artificial fever really cook the germs in the host's body? Some say yes, some no. It is certain that artificial fever gives the circulation a terrific jolt, steps it up as much as 400 per cent., which means that the scavenging properties of the blood stream are increased. When the bones are heated by fever, the blood-producing marrow steps up production of white corpuscles whose job it is to consume invading germs.

However it does its work, the important fact about artificial fever is that it gets

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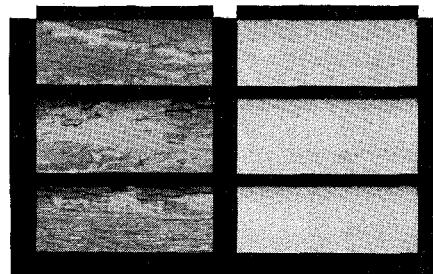
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FOOD FANCIERS AND FAMOUS FARE

Chefs Say Smart Women Like to Experiment With Dainties

But the ardent look faded from his eyes when she said: "I'll just have some meat and potatoes."

Women in America last week gave the lie to the vile insinuation of that ancient joke about the young man who thought the girl was perfect until he took her to dinner. According to the chefs in such famous hotels as the St. Charles in New Orleans, the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco and the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, smart women are highly experimental.

At the St. Charles, Herman Wahl had to deliver on requests for *Pompano in Papillote*, a dish which includes most of the creatures that live in the sea.

Georges Liot, chef hard by the Golden Gate, produced swallow nest of *Salaganes*, *Vestigha* (sturgeon's spinal marrow), kangaroo steak *sauté*, and found them acceptable to restless palates. From the northern wilds, Gabriel Lugot of the sophisticated Waldorf-Astoria brought haunches of bear meat with berry wine, *filet* of antelope with wild oranges and reindeer à la Canadian trapper.

Whether it's the nuts, fruits and bugs of Dawn Man or the whale steak of twentieth-century Japanese, man continues to ransack the globe for his daily fare. For since the first *homo heidelbergensis* hacked off a piece of Etruscan rhino, man has proved himself the most omnivorous of carnivores.

Rodents—To-day the very Governments of most civilized countries have entered the search for materials to stuff into the never-full human maw. And with history to bolster them, food experts sometimes fail to understand why their latest discoveries don't "catch on."

Why do Americans who eat rabbits hesitate before a well-cooked rat? Both are rodents. And dried rats hanging in bunches in the food-stalls of Canton, China, sell by the dozen.

Custom, in the case of Lynn Montross, writer of sophisticated stories, was the

answer. After some years in Chicago, New York and Paris, Montross retired to a farm in New Hampshire. Out fishing one day, he spotted a strange animal on the shore of a pond. The animal looked ferocious; in the ensuing battle, Montross killed it with an oar.

A local farmer identified the rodent-like creature as a porcupine and pronounced it good eating. Montross shuddered. But that was three summers ago. Last summer, Montross ate an even more rodent-like woodchuck and liked it.

Playhouse Fare—Take Jean and Margaret —, playing house in the back yard of their home at Springfield, Illinois:

Busy mothers with two dolls and a cat to feed, they caught some grasshoppers and fried them over their miniature stove. The dolls, turning up their pink noses, refused the delicacy. Not so Spooks, the cat. And so emphatic was his demand for a second helping that the girls salted and buttered portions for themselves. Even the knowledge that Indians out in Nevada smacked their lips over dishes of parched grasshoppers failed to prevent an inquiring mother from laying down a stern dietary prohibition that night.

For thousands of years, human beings have showed a marked partiality for the known edibles of their own tribal locales. But transportation, enterprising merchants on an international food front, and dietary editors in search of news subjects are changing all that. To-day, a tremendous banquet hall, festooned with the flags of all nations, might tempt many an American to sample the offers on tables other than his own.

For an appetizer, he might try the mushy wormlike slug which is seen on American garbage cans but would be found on the table under the Ethiopian flag. Tall Ethiopians hack them from rotten trees, devour them alive.

Intriguing to the Chinese are day-lily soup, giant sea-slug soup and bird's-nest soup. Bird's-nest soup, made of a gelat-

inous substance secreted by a Borneo swallow's salivary glands, would warm the most finicky stomach. It tastes like a delicately flavored chicken soup.

If one preferred a stew, jellyfish stew from Japan or *pololos* stew made of the sixteen-inch Polynesian sea-worm would compare favorably with devil-fish stew which is served in many parts of the world.

Musk rats and Snakes—A fish course might be selected from everything that swims, and many meats are available from the aquatic vertebrates, alligators, snakes or muskrats, for instance. The muskrats might come from the East and might be called "marsh hares" to placate the squeamish. But canned rattlesnake might come from Arcadia, Florida, where George End's packing business threatens to denude his section of the country of well-fed rattlers.

Among the *rotis* could be found horse meat from any large city in Europe; elephant trunks and feet from Asia and Africa; portions of *iguana*, the South American lizard; monkeys, stuffed and roasted, fried, stewed or baked; dog steak, which brings a higher price in some parts of the Far East than does mutton.

Birds would include parrots, herons, hawks, sparrows and the much maligned crow, which becomes as tender as any pheasant when stewed by an expert.

As no banquet table is complete without flowers, consider the dilemma of a group of English botanists who desired to extend the range of edibles. Promoting a campaign to encourage "anthophagy," the eating of flowers, they discovered that most of the known edible flowers of the world were already in cook pots.

Aside from condiments and spices, they found in the Orient fritters made of the white locust-blossom, jams and bonbons with orange-flower, lemon, jasmine, violet and rose petals. In Turkey, the choice Damascus rose flavored a marmalade; in China lotus-buds and bamboo-sprouts are highly prized, while the Japanese made a salad of chrysanthemums. It is the flower of artichokes, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts which is commonly a "vegetable."

Frown on Mother Earth—Tho strongly advocating a varied diet and lauding efforts to extend the food list, dietitians and medical men frown upon a too literal reversion to Mother Earth. They counsel avoidance of the valueless substances consumed by practitioners of "geophagy," the eating of dirt. Nevertheless, Bolivians live up boiled potatoes with the addition of a white clay; stone butter, made from a fine variety of clay, is spread on bread in Italy, Syria and Germany.

Even in the United States, Appalachian mountaineers eat a type of clay pellet found in the mountain streams after the spring torrents. And reports from Missouri tell of sand-eaters who believe that such a diet prevents dyspepsia.

Odds and ends: In the West Indies, fish eyes are a delicacy. Many Chinese have pursued cockroaches around a dish, eaten them alive with enthusiasm. Butarga is a fish-roe cheese peculiar to Greece; in Mexico, the eggs of a fly are used in making a food paste which is considered extremely delectable. Europeans often eat charcoal biscuits to take food tastes from their mouths and eliminate bad breath.

"Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," commented Brillat-Savarin, gastronomist of the late eighteenth century. The Frenchman, however, reckoned without steamships, refrigerated cars, trucks and air-planes.



Globe

It may be a stunt when young gourmets of America eat grasshoppers, but these young Brazilian Indians go after them with blowpipes and sticks as a treat akin to candy



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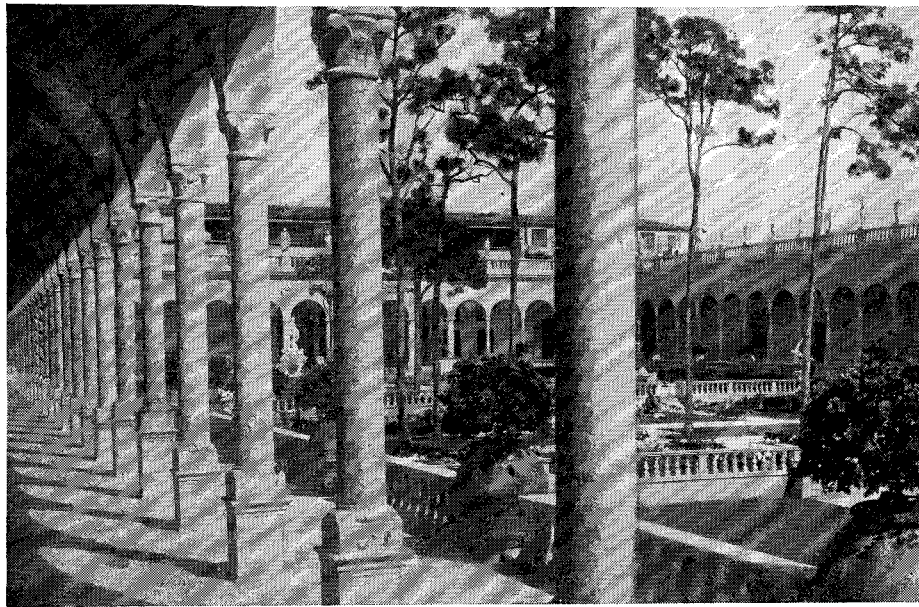
RINGLING ART MUSEUM DECAYING

Circus Millions in Treasure Suffer Lack of Care

While the red tape of legal snarls leaves their future ownership and care uncertain, the largest collection of Rubens in the world may soon be gathering ruinous mold.

The Flemish painter's works—ten big

Ringling's generous offer remains a legal orphan, the precious pictures are fast losing their value for want of care. If a mold spot forms on a painting, the original color can not be restored—only retouched—which decidedly lessens the picture's



Inner court of Ringling Museum at Sarasota . . . an unwelcome gift from last of the Ringling Bros.

paintings on canvas, two on wood, an unfinished crayon drawing, and four tapestries copied from his cartoons—were the property of the late John Ringling, last of seven brothers who made millions from circuses. In 1930, after building a \$1,000,000 museum to house the sixteenth century art treasures adjoining his Venetian mansion in Sarasota, Florida, he put them on public view with some 700 other paintings of varying merit.

At that time, few of the pictures were authenticated, almost none was cataloged, and most of them were badly in need of cleaning and restoring. Ringling always intended to have them put in order, but various personal matters intervened to prevent it.

When he died last December, Ringling willed the museum and its contents and his home (to be transformed into a museum of Italian art) to the State of Florida, with an alternative clause that they become the property of Sarasota, should the State refuse them.

Gift Horse—There was a sound reason for that clause, because the bequest was definitely a gift horse whose oral cavity demanded inspection. The will carried no endowment fund to care for the museum or its contents—good enough reason for neither State nor city to squabble for ownership.

Aside from the jumble the pictures were in when the museum was opened, from that time until his death six years later Ringling spent no money for the upkeep of his present. Any museum housing the treasures of antiquity demands a small fortune to keep the relics in good repair. Time and the salt sea air have started to work their deterioration in even these few years. And while

worth, aside from any possible esthetic damage.

Ringling loved and acquired hundreds of statues of all types and periods. A great many of these were placed in a sandy lot between his home and the museum, in what was eventually intended to be a statuary garden. To-day, most of them lie in broken heaps, covered with an underbrush of vines and weeds, beyond any hope of restoration.

In a similar state lies most of his enormous collection of fine old Venetian glass. Stored on uncovered shelves in the museum cellar, many of the boards have

caved in, sending the thin, inimitable crystal to a mess of shatters for the dust-pan.

Like many of his contemporaries, John Ringling turned to art after he had made his fortune. "Mr. John," as he was known to circus people, shrewd as he was in building up the largest circus in the world, was an easy mark for art dealers. One purveyor of pictures insists that Ringling would buy anything, without bothering to find out who painted it, if the canvas was big enough.

Flamboyant—His flamboyant taste dominates the entire collection. Sometimes it directed him to good things, at other times it led him to buy paintings that were an affront to art. But he relied on no outside advice. Everything he bought, he took because it appealed to him. Unscrupulous dealers, knowing that, took sad advantage of him more than once, passed off for fabulous sums copies that weren't worth the price of the canvas they were painted on.

It is natural that he should have developed an immediate taste for Rubens—whom he always referred to as Peter Paul—and the thumping pink nudes he specialized in.

To Ringling, they were portraits of circus people he had known all his life: Broad-hipped bareback riders, full-muscled trapeze artistes, and the like.

Titian's lush females were another obvious choice, as were the many second-rate Italian Renaissance painters he bought so lavishly. It is amazing to note how Ringling's taste vacillated from the best to the worst, yet through it all ran the same personal predilection. How the same person could simultaneously buy one of the best examples of Goya, "The Duchess of Alva," and the most inferior "calendar art" of Burnes-Jones, is something that dealers still shake their heads over.

Museum Tour—A conducted tour through the John and Mabel Ringling Museum is handled in a way that isn't a far cry from a visit to a circus side-show. An admission—25 cents dropped into a turnstile—is charged every day but Mondays. A guide, who, gossips say, was one of Ringling's best circus barkers, herds the tourists through to the accompaniment of a running commentary that never varies, "Do not forget, ladies and gentlemen, that you are walking on a floor 700 years old," he



Courtesy Frick Art Reference Library and Newton Galleries

A Goya (left) and a Rubens among the paintings which are gathering mold in the Ringling Museum

pronounces in a high cracked voice. Most tourists gasp appreciation.

The museum proper contains twenty-two galleries, each from 40 to 112 feet long. Many of the doorways, leading from one gallery to another, deserve special attention. The one leading to the Italian wing was taken from the famous Villa Palmieri, outside Florence, where the characters in Boccaccio's "Decameron" are supposed to have exchanged their stories during the plague. Another room contains furniture and fixtures from the Palace of Versailles, its walls hung with paintings of artists of that period.

At one end of the garden, around which the museum is built, is a medieval crypt with high vaulted ceilings, said to be lined in gold. In his will Ringling made provision that he and his wife be buried there, surrounded by the things they loved. On the archway to the entrance of the garden runs an inscription, chosen when they were planning their gift to the public: "Representing the consummation of an ideal, the realization of a dream."

OLD O. HENRYS: Redbook Publishes Newly Found Old Stories by Famous Author

On the news-stands crowded with May magazines this week appeared *Redbook* with a new story, "The Dissipated Jeweler," by long dead O. Henry.

Behind the appearance of this tale, fifth to be printed in as many months, is a story that might well rank with the best of O. Henry's carefully contrived yarns.

In Austin, Texas, in 1935, lived a studious young lady—blonde, petite Mary Harrell. At nineteen she had been graduated from college and started work for her master's degree at the University of Texas. She dutifully took all the proper English courses. The credits toward the master's degree mounted—and then she struck a snag. What should she write her master's essay about?

Young Mary Harrell thought and thought. Then her mother found the solution. Why couldn't Mary write her paper about O. Henry? Back in 1896, he'd worked for the *Houston Post*, and Mary's grandfather had known him quite well.



Courtesy Redbook

Mary Harrell . . . in the files of the *Houston Post* she rediscovered stories by O. Henry

So it was decided—Mary Harrell would write about O. Henry in the days when he was an unknown reporter averaging \$15 a week on space-writing.

Thumbs Old Files—To the library and the files of the *Houston Post* for 1896 went Mary Harrell. After a little quiet thumbing through the yellowed, crumbling pages, the youthful explorer became excited. She discovered that there were days when no column by William Sydney Porter—O. Henry's real name—appeared. Instead, there were little unsigned sketches and stories, thirty-three in all, that nobody had found before when looking for O. Henryana. But there wasn't any doubt about it—only O. Henry could have written them.

So, triumphant in the thrill few students experience, Mary Harrell wrote her master's essay. Then she obtained from the generous Editor of the *Houston Post*, William P. Hobby, full rights for the reprinting of any of the stories.

As the essay on O. Henry made its polite ripple on the academic pond, it was making more vigorous repercussions elsewhere. In Dallas, Banks Upshaw, Publisher, became interested in the newly found stories. Why shouldn't they be marketed to newspapers and magazines throughout the country? He approached Mary Harrell, obtained her consent, and then went to Mrs. William Sydney Porter, who, nearly seventy, is at the Wesnoca Sanatorium in Asheville, North Carolina.

Money Urge—Mrs. Porter, interested in seeing her late husband's work receive wider circulation, agreed. Mary Harrell was jubilant. Not only did she want to revive O. Henry, but she had hopes of what could be accomplished with the money.

And in those hopes, the kindly William Sydney Porter would have concurred. For Mary Harrell wanted money enough for an operation. When twelve she had fallen from a horse and permanently lamed one leg. An operation might undo that injury.

To-day, with \$1,250 in her purse, Mary Harrell has resigned her job as a teacher at Fort Lewis College in Hesperus, Colorado, and is on her way to New York to see about the operation, for the shrewd Banks Upshaw has turned the stories into gold. In record time, he interested the Des Moines *Tribune* Syndicate in the project. The syndicate, in the person of Colin Miller, planned a two-point campaign. Since Upshaw kept the rights to book publication and sold them to Doubleday, Doran, it remained for the syndicate to exploit the newspaper and magazine field. First pick would naturally be given to the magazines. So, in the heat of midsummer, telegrams sped to the desks of the Nation's largest magazines—and one landed before alert, dynamic Edwin Balmer, Editor of *Redbook*.

Redbook Buys—Edwin Balmer took one look, decided the O. Henry stories were *Redbook* meat, and boarded a plane south to see the thirty-three pieces. In the 110° Texas heat he examined the sketches, was assured by testimonials from O. Henry experts and the author's widow that they were genuine. At \$1,000 each, Balmer purchased five stories, with the option of taking more if the five proved successful. Of the \$5,000 thus garnered, one-fourth was to go to Mrs. Porter, and one-fourth to Mary Harrell.

By the time negotiations were completed, some of the *Redbook* chosen tales were scheduled to appear in Southern

Overheard in an Orchard

Said the robin to the sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

Said the sparrow to the robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."
—Elizabeth Cheney

Reprinted from "Verses I Like."
Selected by Maj. Edward Bowes.
(Garden City: \$1.)

newspapers. With true Southern gallantry, Publishers Howell of the *Atlanta Constitution* and Webb of the *Asheville Citizen-Times* agreed not to publish until after the stories had appeared in *Redbook*.

On December 26, the first story hit the stands in the January *Redbook*. Monthly since then, the remaining four stories have appeared, to be received with interest, if not wild enthusiasm, by *Redbook* readers. Since *Redbook* circulation has been jumping steadily upward for the last year, Editor Balmer is not willing to attribute any marked gain to the presence of the newly found stories.

Typical of the O. Henry stories is 1,200-word "Jack the Giant Killer." Into the office of the *Houston Post* walks a book agent and her small daughter. While the mother tries to interest the Editor in the book, the staff gathers round to tell the five-year-old child about *Jack the Giant-Killer*. First, the Literary Editor, with his ornate, highfalutin speech, fails. Then the Sports Editor, with "wham," "sock" and "slide," goes down to defeat. The last victim is the Railroad Editor, who is chugging along when the child's mother appears to say: "B'ess um's heart, Muzzer will tell um's' all about Jack when us gets home."

GARDEN BUGS: Formula Given For Amateur Planters of Back-Yard Plots

Recipe for a flower garden: A plot of ground that's a lot bigger than it looks, assorted seeds that promise to come up and sometimes break their promises; a backache from weeding, a sunburned neck, an army of insects, vast amounts of elbow grease and perspiration.

As spring rears its head, this formula will agitate a garden-crazed countryside. Husbands will make lifelong enemies by packing into evening trains with hoes, pitchforks and spades which jab their neighbors. Wives will bore their bridge-club companions to distraction by discussing flower borders, perennials and the new dahlias they're planning to buy. Thousands of children will become seasonal pests with their garden plottings.

Meanwhile, the experts who have spent a hard winter gathering their advice into convenient form to place before the gardening public are lifting the flood-gates. For the conscientious amateur, they recommend that preparations start in the earliest spring, when it's still impossible to get a pitchfork into the ground. The truly ambitious grower will gather to his bosom little boxes of sand and a goodly number of seeds, preferably perennials. Into the boxes will go the seed for careful nurturing in the bright sunlight. Safe



Happy Shaves Are Here Again

*when you use the blade
that was made for your razor*

HERE'S a suggestion for men who find shaving a task to be dreaded. Switch back to using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. Then notice how smoothly your razor removes every trace of stubble.

You'll agree that an "All-Gillette" shave is the last word in shaving comfort. For the Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade are made for each other. Rigidly matched in design and manufacture, they function together in perfect harmony.

Light Waves Measure Sharpness

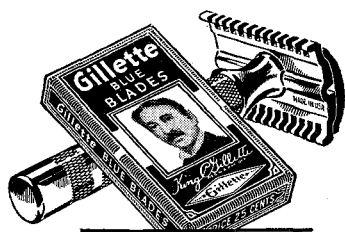
So great is the precision required in manufacturing Gillette Blades that special equipment is needed. For example, a truly amazing finishing process alternately hones and strops each blade to almost unbelievable sharpness.

In fact, so keen are the shaving edges of the Gillette Blade that they are *invisible* to the human eye. Only a beam of light, cast by a special photo-electric tester, can measure their sharpness.

If you have strayed away from using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor, get back into the comfort swing right away. Buy a package of Gillette Blades today; enjoy a real shave tomorrow.

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.



Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

from the cold lashings of early spring, the seedlings will wax fat and grow to such proportions that they can burgeon swiftly when transplanted outdoors later.

Fertilization—For those who don't want boxes of wet sand and earth around the house, there remain hotbeds—not of radicalism, but of good rich manure. To construct: Dig a pit of the size desired to a depth of six feet, plant stakes at convenient distances and nail four boards to the stakes to form a rectangular box. To top this, a glass cover should be designed, preferably a movable one, so that it may be raised or lowered to regulate the temperature.

When this has been accomplished, lay a layer of fresh horse-manure to a depth of two feet, and atop this place from four to six inches of sifted rich soil. Now the bed is all ready for nurturing spoiled little seedlings for which nothing is too good.

Should a delicate zinnia spend its childhood in the hotbed, it's usually a good idea to give it a taste of the cold-frame before exposing it to the winds that blow. Cold-frames vary from their warmer brothers only in that they are surface structures—built without recourse to pit-digging, just on the level of the ground. Naturally, in these frames, the seedlings are going to get more of a real taste of the weather. To guard against sudden shocks, the solicitous gardener will raise and lower the glass top of the cold-frame to expose the plant to the noon rays of the sun, and protect it from the damp mists after the sun goes down.

Transplanting Technique—As the weather grows warmer, the gardener peers anxiously at the sky. Should he transplant now—or should he wait? If he waits too long, the plant probably will commit *hara-kiri* rather than make the adjustment to the rigors of nature. If he plants too soon, the fussy little thing may obstinately collapse under the strain of harsh weather.

"Know your locale," say the experts. "Make sure you have sufficiently warm weather before you transplant."

But while the gardener is making up his mind about what should be transplanted, and when, he has to face other problems. What is he going to do about the insects that are ready to attack his plants and shrubs with ravenous appetites? If he's really alert, he'll be on deck the first week in March renewing the gluey bands around his trees to stop the canker-worms.

With the coming of April, he will shift from canker prevention to pruning, to make sure that dead, diseased canes don't remain on the trees as breeding hang-outs for pests. He will go over his hollyhocks with sulfur, spray his peonies with Bordeaux and clean out tent-caterpillar nests. By May, he will be so busy dusting and spraying it will seem as if he will have little time to enjoy the fruits of his labors, now shaping into tulips, early roses and poppies.

Follow the Calendar—To prevent any such tragedy, an approximate calendar has been worked out whereby slaving gardeners will be able to enjoy the fruits of their labors:

APRIL: Plant blue morning-glory, aster, zinnia, annual larkspur. Plant perennials—delphinium, Oriental poppy. Plant sweet peas, and restrain the temptation to set out annuals because it's still too early.

MAY: Move wintered plants from hotbeds and cold-frames into the open. Plant the annuals that have been waiting

impatiently since April and get the summer-blooming bulbs—gladioli, triglochia, montbretia into the ground. Then, with aching back, set out the dahlia roots.

JUNE: Replace all the seeds that have gone down in the struggle, and get the rest of the transplanting done. Then, as a thoughtful gardener, get next year's perennials in—hollyhocks, sweet william, foxgloves, columbine.

JULY: Because of the heat, no planting should be done except for pansy and viola seed and Canterbury bells. The Oriental poppies that have flowered and gone their way should be divided up and moved.

With a guide to four of the most active months of the gardening year, the amateur should be able to regulate his plans, especially if he has thought out his campaign carefully—the one by which he intends to win that garden club prize.

The Plant Doctor. By Cynthia Westcott. (Frederick Stokes; \$2.)

Gardening. By Montague Free. (Harcourt Brace; \$3.50.)

As One Gardener to Another. By Lucy M. Ellis. (Crowell; \$2.50.)

The Gardener's Second Year. By A. Bates. (Longmans Green; \$2.)

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Murder—"The Trial of Lizzie Borden."—Edited by Edmund Pearson. (Doubleday, Doran; \$3.50.) August fourth was a hot day back in 1892, but for Lizzie Borden it was more than warm. She discovered the bodies of her father and step-mother with heads neatly hacked off. Then began one of the most famous murder trials in American history. Edmund Pearson has done one of his inimitable jobs in assembling and editing Lizzie's trial.

Romance—"The Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats."—Edited by Fred Edgcombe. (Oxford University Press; \$3.) When poet John Keats died of consumption in Italy and sweetheart Fanny Brawne went her accustomed way back in London, every one said she was a heartless creature. Keats in his last letters said so himself. Now, for the first time, Fanny's true feelings about her great lover are revealed. Fanny stands vindicated in this interesting book of her letters written soon after Keats's death.

Fascism—"The Fascist. His State and His Mind."—By E. B. Ashton. (Morrow; \$2.50.) How did it happen in Germany and Italy? Emphasizing the American approach that we don't want it to happen here, E. B. Ashton has written one of the clearest statements of the Fascists' rise to power. He points out the parallels with Communism and warns that we had best look out for the Fascist-minded undermining our own country.

The World Around—"Away From It All; An Escapologist's Note-Book"—By Cedric Belfrage. (Simon & Schuster; \$3.) An escapologist is a bored young man who wants to get away from it all, and Cedric Belfrage is a splendid specimen of one. He skipped blithely around the world, found that in Malaya all the white colonists were waiting with baited hatchets for the return of Somerset Maugham so they could kill him for calling them adulterers, murderers and snobs in his stories. A thoroughly refreshing story.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

alma mater; data.—"A. P. O.," Nashville, Tenn.—Until a generation ago, English-speaking people for a century or more pronounced Latin words after the so-called English system in which *a* was sounded as in *pray*, *e* as in *me*, and *i* as in *nice*. Accordingly, the Latin words and phrases in common usage were given pronunciations in agreement with that system. About a generation ago, our institutions of learning began to adopt the Continental system for the pronunciation of Latin, with *a* as in *ah*, *e* as in *they*, and *i* as in *police*. Hence the later school tends to ignore the pronunciations fixed by the earlier generation, and to apply in ordinary speech the pronunciations taught in the Latin classrooms. Therefore, *data* is pronounced either *dayta* or *dahta*, etc. Neither is incorrect, but the latter has not yet received the dictum of preferred usage.

basketball.—"D. V. R.," Bloomfield, N. J.—Basketball is a very modern game. It was invented in 1891 by James Naismith, an instructor at Springfield, Mass.

Diana.—"T. H. K.," New York City.—The English spelling is *Diana*, pronounced *dai-an'a* (*ai* as in *aisle*, first *a* as in *fat*, second *a* as in *final*). The French spelling is *Diane*, pronounced *di'an'* (*i* as in *police*, *a* as in *art*). The Italian spelling, as well as the German spelling, is *Diana*, pronounced *di-a-na* (*i* as in *police*, first *a* as in *art*, second *a* as in *artistic*). The Latin spelling is *Diana*, now usually pronounced *dai-e'na* (*ai* as in *aisle*, *e* as in *prey*, *a* as in *final*).

polo.—"H. J. L.," New York City.—This is a game of Eastern origin played on horseback, usually with a light wooden ball and mallets having long flexible handles. . . . The game originated in Asia about the eighth century, and is probably the "tennis" of the "Arabian Nights." It is still played in the upper Indus valley, and in Manipur. It was introduced first at Calcutta, and a little later (about 1864) in Punjab (India). The game was brought to Europe by soldiers of the Anglo-Indian army about 1865. In 1842, Godfrey T. Vigne in his "Travels in Kashmir, Ladak, Iskardo, etc." wrote: "At Shighur I first saw the game of the Chaghan. . . . It is in fact hockey on horseback. . . . The ball, which is larger than a cricket ball, is only a globe made of a knot of willow wood, and is called in Tibeti *Pulu*." The *Daily News* (London) for July 20, 1872, contained the following: "The ball of contention once cast into the open field, *Polo* was entered upon in real earnest." Browning in "Inn Album" (ch. I, p. 333), issued in 1875, wrote: "*Polo*, Tent-pegging, Hurlingham, the Rink, I leave all these delights." The *Athenæum* for Sept. 18, 1886, printed: "The first historical event recorded in this volume is the death at *polo* of the Sultan Aikbar."

HEALTH WANTED

the intestinal muscles strong and active.

BUSINESS GIRL, 29, with little time for exercise, is looking for an effective aid in overcoming habitual constipation. No harsh cathartics need apply.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 38, fond of rich, "over-refined" foods, finds that constipation has become chronic. Wishes to regain youthful regularity.

HOUSEWIFE, 47, has suffered for many years from habitual constipation. Looking for a laxative that comes as close as possible to inducing natural action.

Health for you — let Saráka help strengthen your intestinal muscles

OF COURSE, those Health Wanted ads are imaginary. But doesn't one of them come close to your own constipation problem?

Take the business girl with little time for exercise. Lots of us drift into habitual constipation partly because we can't—or won't—get the right exercise. Our intestinal muscles become weak and flabby. Saráka* helps correct that condition. Saráka gives intestinal muscles the exercise they need—internal exercise.

The principal ingredient in Saráka is basorin, sap of an East Indian tree, in the form of tiny granules. Inside the intestines, these granules (you will find them easy and pleasant to take) absorb water. Gradually they expand. They turn into soft, smooth BULK.

Bulk Plus Motility*

You know the value of bulk. It exercises your intestinal muscles—and you realize how swimming and golf exercise your body. This "exercising action" of Saráka encourages the intestinal muscles to do their appointed task thoroughly. The results are not violent. Most people recall their healthy youth when chronic constipation was never thought of.

Frequently something more than bulk is necessary so Saráka contains a specially pre-

pared frangula which mildly stimulates the intestines. This gives you Bulk Plus Motility—a combination which helps explain Saráka's wide acceptance.

How to Use Saráka

Since Saráka comes in the form of tiny granules, it is possible to adjust the dosage until you are taking just the right amount. Then it is rarely necessary to increase this quantity. In fact since Saráka tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles, many people find that they are actually able to cut down the dose.

Before changing to a new laxative, we suggest that you consult that trusted counsellor—your family physician. Ask him about Saráka. Your druggist carries it in three sizes. Save money by asking for the new "Hospital Size." Or mail the coupon for a free trial-size tin.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 317, Bloomfield, N. J.

Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.
P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

Sign below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.

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SARÁKA

AVOID IMITATIONS — MAKE SURE YOU GET GENUINE SARÁKA

U. S. SEES FIRST JAPANESE MOVIE

French, Russian Influences Predominate in Screen Efforts

Japan, acknowledged home of the most avid cinema fans in the world, kicked down an ancient barrier last week, sent a picture of its newest baby to the United States. Into New York's startled film-importing center came "Kimiko," the first Japanese talking-picture to reach this country.

For years, Japan's barons of cinema have hoped to export native motion-pictures to the United States, have been halted in the main by the inferior quality of the product. A long struggle between tradition and modern influences was hurting Japan's pictures, making them valueless for American consumption.

Last year, along with other industries, the native cinema factories threw off certain hobbling influences and began turning out feature films comparable to the best in technique. Japan's score for the year was 470 feature-length films, more than 1,500 short-subject films. The industry, none the less, is considered a squalling infant, without the dignity of years to place it among ancient, honored native crafts.

Russian Influence—The strongest influences on the modern Japanese cinema do not come from Hollywood. Indeed, learned Japanese directors look upon Hollywood as a brash, new-rich factory town. From Russia, whose cinematography they greatly admire, Nipponese film makers draw inspiration for fine photography, interesting settings. From the French, whom they candidly look upon as the most facile story-tellers now working, they are drawing tale-spinning technique, openly copying French methods of exposition. There is a synthetic quality in the film business, arising from these bold borrowings.

To some extent, the baby industry was hampered by the "theater trust" of Japan, which centered about the Shochiku companies. This organization controlled the complicated and difficult-to-explain-to-

Western intelligence, "family system" of the Kabuki stage, which is the traditional theater of Japan.

Stars were few in the Kabuki and all worked under the Shochiku banner. If any wished to break away, they would find innumerable difficulties. There was no other theater system equipped to display their art, nor were there any play-scripts available except those held by the controlling family.

Downs Tradition—Curiously, one revolt was successful, led directly to the present state of the Japanese film industry. PCL, clipped letters standing for Photographic Chemical Laboratory, is the outstanding modern film-producing studio in Japan. It is under direction of Mikio Naruse. He long held, struggled to prove, that if freed from the Kabuki—in essence a theater tradition of "classical" stylized playing—he could produce films to vie with any made by other countries. So long as he was dominated by the Kabuki, he had to film ancient national legends and heroic tales. He yearned to smash down tradition and draw scenarios from modern Japanese society. His hunger was answered by a Tokyo little theater, the Tshukiji, then in revolt against Shochiku domination.

Working in the Tshukiji was Sasaki, who also writhed under Kabuki "mustn'ts." He had laboriously learned Russian, had translated Serge Eisenstein's "Dialectical Materialism of the Cinema." Then he had surrounded himself with actors likewise burdened by Kabuki. They became the best actors in Japan, might have overthrown the tradition. But they were disbanded and the Tshukiji was closed by police because of proletarian activities.

Prior to the disturbance created by Sasaki and his followers, with consequent breakdown of the filming only of traditional Japanese stories, pictures made

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The King and the Chorus-Girl"; "Lost Horizon"; "That Girl From Paris"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth"; "When You're in Love."

AAA—"Seventh Heaven"; "Fire Over England"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: **AAAA**, Excellent; **AAA**, Good; **AA**, Acceptable, and **A**, Poor.

there featured sword-swinging knights. For awhile, such pictures were sure-fire at the box-office. Now they are being hastily abandoned for modern films dealing openly with the many-faceted life of contemporary Japan. "Kimiko" is typical, gives insight into the peculiar amalgam of Oriental and Occidental culture which dominates Japanese life to-day.

There is an astonishing status, to Western eyes, of a highly industrialized civilization in which persists the anachronism of ageless tradition.

Plot From Novel—The plot for "Kimiko" came from the novel, "Two Wives," by Minoru Nakano. It deals with a cold, proud woman who loses her husband to a *geisha*. For ten years she mourns, teaches her daughter to wonder what sort of woman the *geisha* could be. When she becomes twenty, the daughter goes into the interior and finds her father. She also finds the *geisha*, who, instead of being a vain, capricious, spendthrift creature is a hard-working, housewifely, loyal woman who has been sending her own money for ten years to help educate and keep the daughter of the first wife.

Kimiko, the girl, seeing that the *geisha* is a better woman than her own mother, refuses to interfere, gives up her project of begging her father to come back home.

At times the dress is Japanese, at times Western, the players changing from one to the other and wearing either with equal naturalness. The tradition of taking the shoes off before entering the house is observed, whether the women wear native sandals or spike-heeled pumps.

The photography is excellent, the sound is without flaw.

"Kimiko" will be seen at New York's Filmarte Theater this month, later will be sent on a tour of picture circuits.



A film for the Occident from the Orient . . . "Kimiko" portrays modern Japan and the *geishas*

Religion

NOMADIC EVANGEL: Patriarchal Yankee Uses Trailer to Reach Utah Outlands

Every spring, hundreds of itinerant evangels rig out their open-air chapels, return to the road with Bible in hand to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel to scattered, winter-dulled backsliders. Unique among these is the Rev. John Danforth Nutting,

eighty-three, a Vermont Congregationalist minister, head of the Utah Gospel Mission in Cleveland, who makes his field of operations the desolate acres of sand, greasewood and sage of Utah's and Idaho's thriving Mormons. Whereas others seek to evangelize the straggling fallen, Gospeler Nutting directs his fight among some of the most devout Christians.

No desert Ishmael, this white-bearded, patriarchal Yankee earnestly believes that the 750,000 members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints are unenlightened.

Preaches Against L. D. S.—With this as his prime object, he has journeyed forth to the high mountain country annually for forty-four years, raising his voice and hand against the powerful hierarchy which sits entrenched in Salt Lake City. He appears before groups of the faithful, attends their religious services, has preached to an estimated 350,000 persons.

The most remarkable thing about this relentless crusader is that the Mormon ranks have gained almost in direct ratio to the intensity of his campaign. In forty-four years, the Mormons have increased by 400,000, have established missions throughout the world, developed properties worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

Mormon Gains—This week, while Mr. Nutting sat in his Cleveland headquarters, conferring on his summer jolt over the sand-dunes with his trailer crew, 12,000 delegates to the 108th annual conference of the Mormon Church met in Salt Lake City to give eloquent testimony to the fact that the sect was at its high mark.

Announced to them was one of the busiest, most ambitious programs ever undertaken. This included \$1,350,000 in educational projects (50 per cent. increase over 1936), purchase of a site in Los Angeles for a \$350,000 temple, another at Idaho Falls, Idaho, for a \$250,000 temple, erection of a score or more chapels in the United States and abroad, removal of 50,000 persons from Federal and State relief rolls out of a total of 88,000 originally on the dole; addition of thousands of new church members, including organization of a new diocese for the Chicago district's 18,000 Mormons, and intensification of missionary work all over the world. Total expenditures will amount to \$2,600,000.

Economic and Spiritual—That the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints is able to do this while other sects find activities hit by lack of funds and flagging spiritual interest is due to its highly-organized, machine-like nature. To a large extent, it binds the economic with the moral and spiritual destinies of members. The church borrows no money, mortgages none of its vast properties, which include sugar-beet and other factories, mines, hotels, newspapers, buildings and mercantile establishments.

To obtain funds, it enforces the old-time tithing system, collects from each member, in addition, for the relief emergency, the cost of two meals per month.

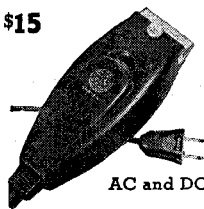
The basis of this granite-like administrative system was laid by Brigham Young, pioneer church genius who led the persecuted "Saints" out of the Midwest "wilderness" to Salt Lake City, but, contrary to popular notion, did not establish the sect. The founder was Joseph Smith, a Vermonter like Crusader Nutting. Upon moving with his parents to deeply religious western New York in 1815 at the age of ten, he was unable to decide what faith to embrace, prayed for advice, was



How long will a Schick last?

{ Long after your shaving costs have
been brought down to a cent each }

\$15



AC and DC

years with a Schick and never spent a penny for repairs or replacements. *And his shaver does not show the slightest sign of wear.*

Frankly we don't know how long a Schick will shave. Some of the first Schick Shavers, made five years ago, are still running perfectly and shaving as quickly and closely as they did in the beginning.

Many customers write and tell us of from one to four years' perfect shaving service from their Schick Shavers. One man has reported 2000 shaves from his Schick—another 1500.

How Could Shaving Cost Less?

Even three years of once-a-day shaving with the Schick brings the cost of shaving down to less than a penny-and-a-half a shave—and the shaver is still good.

Contrast this with the cost of buying blades, sharpeners, soap, cream, brush and lotion.

Economy is a Minor Factor

The best reason for owning a Schick is that it brings more pleasure into a man's life than he can get from any other personal possession.

He cannot cut, scrape nor hurt himself. He can shave twice a day, shave in the dark, read while he shaves, shave with his coat on or while wearing glasses if he desires.

With the Schick, the scar tissue formed by blade-shaving, vanishes and a new, more youthful and flexible skin replaces the dead, scaly skin.

Believe The Men Who Use Schicks

Schick users will tell you they would not sell their shavers for \$100 if they could not buy another.

More than a million are in daily use on tough beards, tender skins, on faces that used to have ingrowing hairs, on cheeks that never knew a comfortable moment under the old method of shaving.

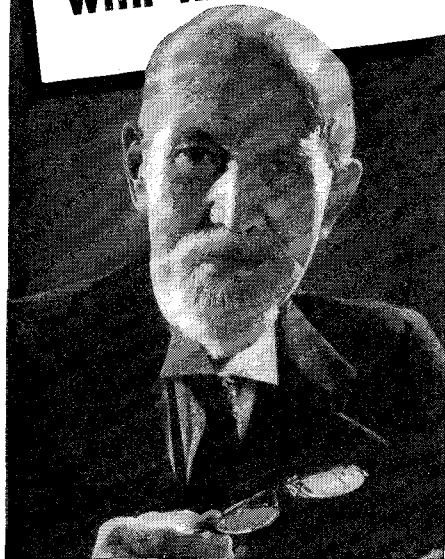
See a Dealer Today

Any of our dealers will show you a Schick Shaver and explain how you should use it. Do not postpone shaving comfort another day.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco.
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SCHICK SHAVER

How would YOUR laxative rate with the doctor?



YOUR DOCTOR is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about *little* matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry *you*. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

Consider the various points listed below. Will the laxative *you* now use meet every one of them?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point! No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax themselves and give it to their own families. For more than 30 years, mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect trust. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST OF EX-LAX

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax *is* mild, *is* gentle, *is* thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. You'll observe that it does *not* over-act or upset you. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being.

If you have been taking nasty, druggytasting purgatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking Ex-Lax. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

told (he said) by God and Jesus Christ to join none.

Golden Plates—Later, Christ reappeared as the angel Moroni, informed Smith, according to Mormons' beliefs, that he had been selected to open a new Gospel dispensation. This was to be done through a record engraved upon golden plates and hidden in a hill near Smith's home outside Rochester by the last of an ancient people who owed existence supposedly to a tribe led by the resurrected Savior in the New World.

Smith translated the plates in 1830, published the result as Book of Mormon, after Mormon, father of Moroni. Smith's next step was to organize with his brother Hyrum and four others the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, taking himself the title of Prophet, Seer and Revelator.

Fourteen years afterward, he was shot to death in Carthage, Illinois, in a church fight centering upon his adoption of polygamy. The church, which had been driven from pillar to post from Ohio to Missouri, broke into two factions over succession to leadership. Smith's son took over one group, renamed it the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.* Brigham Young, head of the Twelve Apostles, assumed the chieftaincy of the main body, steered it out of the chaos west to Salt Lake City.

Prophet Grant—Prophet Young died in 1877 after a career of polygamy** and empire-building which is an epic chapter in American history. Currently head of the church is patriarchal President Heber J. Grant, who was elected for life, as seventh to hold that office, in 1918. Tall, bearded, with the manner of a Victorian banker, Prophet Grant is one of the premier business men in Utah: interested in banking, insurance, manufacture and railroads, runs the church as "Trustee-in-Trust," which means he is responsible in church affairs to God alone.

An uncompromising foe of liquor, tobacco, coffee and tea, the Mormon chief believes that man should not partake of anything that creates an appetite, but has liberalized the sect on many points. Lately he modified the orders concerning garments so that girls could wear fancy lingerie. Salt Lake-born, he began life as a humble messenger, wed thrice, sired ten daughters, and has worked tirelessly to spread his faith throughout the world.

This week, Mormonism's No. 1 "Saint" rapped a gavel in the great gray granite Tabernacle which called to order his vast hierarchy of priests and elders, rushed through a program of acts and works.

*To-day, it has about 100,000 members, is headed by Grandson Frederick Madison Smith, with headquarters at Independence, Missouri.

**Polygamy was abolished by the Church in 1890 in compliance with Federal law. Only two per cent, it was said, ever practised it, anyway. To-day a few hundred Mormons, so-called, continue to be martyrs in Short Creek, Arizona, for polygamy.

CONVERTING BALI: Dutch Colonial Policy Frowns on Missionary Activity

A small, densely populated isle in the Dutch East Indies empire a mile east of Java is far-famed Bali, publicized in song and story during the last decade as a modern Eden of beauteous women and lacquered landscapes. Still unscarred by the

"finer" touches of Western civilization, the tiny paradise differs from other Utopias in Oceania and Polynesia in one important respect: Christian missionaries, with few exceptions, have not and do not set foot on its surf-pounded shores.

It's not because they have not tried; they have. The Balinese and the Dutch have zealously kept them out in the interest of peace and order. Undeterred, the evangelists never have given up hope, however; have resorted to many ingenious ways to get in.

Last week came word of the dedication of the first Christian church—Roman Catholic—in the obscure village of Toka in the presence of many converts. Apprized of this report, the Netherlands Colonial Office refused to comment, cited governmental regulations which require a special permit from the insular Governor General for mission activity. To date, it was pointed out, only one Roman Catholic and one Protestant community, both small, had been allowed, only on strict promise not to spread direct propaganda.

Animism Worship—Altho theoretically fanatical Hindus, the Balinese for centuries have adhered to a hybrid form of indigenous animism, upon which has been superimposed highly civilized Javanese Hinduism.

By this system they regulate every act of their lives so they can be in harmony with the natural forces which they divide eternally into pairs: Male and female, high and low, good and evil, life and death. This conglomerate of principles has resulted in elaborate cults of ancestors and deities of fertility, of fire, water, earth and the sun, of the mountains and the sea, of gods and devils. They are the backbone of the Balinese religion, which is generally referred to as Hinduism, but is in reality too close to the earth, too animistic, to be taken as the same religion as India's Hinduism.

Balinese, however, always have been liberals in religious ideas. Every time a new idea has been introduced, they have taken it for what it was worth. If they found it interesting, they assimilated it with their own cultism. Buddha became to them, for example, the younger brother of their god *Siva*. To those that already know Christianity, Jesus Christ is known by the exalted name of *Sanghyang Widi*.

Priests as Magic Experts—Tho their entire ives are tied up in expensive religious ceremonies, the Balinese do not look up to priests, but pay them as professional experts at magic. Their temples are owned communally. For cremations, the most important ceremonial of all, when the spirit is released from the body for reincarnation, a village saves up its dead in some cases for as long as two years. The dead are placed in hollow wooden boxes, decked with gold and precious ornaments, and burned. In the processions, tall cremation towers are used. This rite usually is followed by a great festival.

With a million people to tempt them, foreign missionaries long have viewed this island paradise as a potential *chef-d'oeuvre* of mass conversion. Earliest records show that the English missionary Medhurst in 1829 was the first to sense this golden harvest. Another, Ennis, landed, stayed only a short time.

In 1846, the Dutch missionary Baron von Hoevell was convinced that unless Christianity were speedily brought in, the Balinese would turn to Mohammedanism, then making a strong bid for favor. From 1864

to 1881, the Utrecht Missionary Union carried on work, ended it in tragedy. Finding conversion work difficult among the natives, the chief missionary, J. de Vroom, won over his servant, who promptly became an outcast among his people. For revenge, he killed his master. Sensing trouble, the Dutch immediately asked the assistant missionary to depart.

Missionaries Cool—In 1891, Roman Catholic authorities received permission to begin work, but made no immediate use of it. After the World War, they sought to open a Dutch-Indonesian school, backed down when powerful native leaders balked at outside religious propaganda. A few years ago, the Colonial Government granted one or two Dutch missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word permission to work quietly and unostentatiously. In 1930, the authorities also allowed one Tsang Kam Foek, of the American Christian and Missionary Alliance, to preach only among Chinese-Balinese. By 1934, he had made considerable progress, baptized 500 natives—many true Balinese, whom his half-breeds had converted. Trouble began to brew, tho; soon the Dutch societies prepared to enter the field. Aroused native chiefs memorialized the Governor General to ban all missionary activity, and in 1935 Tsang Kam Foek's permit was revoked.

Nevertheless, Christianity continued to seep in. In north Bali, a number of immigrants from Aboing brought it with them. Other Balinese returning from abroad also spread the Gospel.

Back from enchanted Bali, the Mexican artist, Miguel Covarubbias, says Western people do not understand that the Balinese religion is the people's way of living, might be seriously impaired if alien cultures were admitted to the island.

Christians Are "Dead"—"When a Balinese deserts his gods for Christianity," the young artist-writer explained, "he is declared officially 'dead' by his fellow villagers, is exiled. Likewise, if he marries a Christian. Since the Balinese village is one of the most thoroughly communistic, or cooperative, organizations in existence, the heretic is left without a livelihood, as well as without social connections."

Like all other Malaysian and South Sea natives when they adopt Christianity, the Balinese would accept only its creed and services, not its code of behavior, Covarubbias said.

Missionaries aver that Bali is ripe for conversion, that the natives are in a state of decadence which is preserved by the Dutch Colonial Government only for the benefit of tourists.

LIVING GODS: Stalin Shuns Cape of Deity Bestowed on Many Leaders Throughout World

Last week, one of the world's leading candidates for living godhood tossed his chances to the winds, announced his immediate return to purely mortal existence.

By radio, Russia's all-powerful Josef Stalin ordered his adoring followers to cease their adulation, commanded newspapers to refer to him henceforth simply as "Comrade." What Comrade Stalin probably meant to imply was: "Cut out the speechmaking and get to work."

In any case, he eliminated himself from the ranks of living human deities, in fact

or in the making, who claim with varying success their divine right to have their commands obeyed.

"Son of Heaven" Tops—Top-notch recognized deities are: Emperor Hirohito, Japan's bespectacled "Son of Heaven," whose ancestor inherited Nippon 2,500 years ago from the Sun Goddess Amaterasu; the Panchan Lama, "Living Buddha," spiritual and temporal ruler of Tibet's hierarchy of lesser-god priests and awed mortals; the Agha Khan, descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, spiritual head of an Indian sect of Islam.

Millions of Catholics, contrary to ecclesiastical teaching, attribute some degree of divinity to the Pope, "Christ's Vicar on Earth." About 750,000 Mormons regard their autocratic head, Heber J. Grant, as divine "Prophet, Seer and Revelator" of Christ.

Already, Adolf Hitler is retreating into the celestial haze of fact and fancy that surrounds all deified mortals, while Nazi theology builds him up as the new Savior. In Italy, Premier Benito Mussolini, treading the tight rope between Church and State supremacy, cautiously shushes hints of deification, yet in school primers he poses with children under the caption: "Benito Mussolini loves little children." On the facing page appears the familiar picture of Christ and the infants.

"Me und Gott"—In the half-primitive Dominican Republic, President-Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo lives in a house fronted by a red, white and blue electric sign proclaiming "God and Trujillo." This recalls ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II, whose "Me und Gott" first amused, then alarmed the Western world.

In addition to the politico-spiritual divinities who rise with each period of conflict and revolution, the world is full of religious cult leaders who claim to be God Himself, or at least His chief representative on earth.

No. 1 self-deification in America is Father Divine, dandified Harlem preacher, who proclaims with his followers, not all of whom are Negroes, that "Father Divine is God."

Near Los Alamitos, California, is Camp Hebron, "inner court of the king," where His Majesty, H.H.H.H. Hepzibah, grizzly, long-robed "Prophet," "King over all Nations," exhorts the world to follow him and be saved.

Hindu Hailed—World-famous among the cult leaders was the young Hindu Jiddu Krishnamurti, hailed only a decade ago as "the New Messiah" by the British theosophist, Annie Besant, and thousands of members of her New Order of the Star in the East. But he renounced all claims to the title after his promoter's death, today preaches from town to town the necessity of self-discovery, says of his rejected rôle: "It was just another cult, another ballyhoo, like any other church."

Most living deities are quite sure of their supremacy. To obtain and maintain it, they must possess a superabundance of egotism, says Dr. Charles Francis Potter, famous comparative religionist; must dare to assert their godship until their followers fasten upon the claim as justification for worship. The interplay of the leader's egotism and his followers' adulation makes for deification, Doctor Potter explains.

Deified Atheists—It was thus with Christ, he points out, who declared "I am the Son of God." Mohammed claimed he was Allah's Prophet. Strangely enough, three

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of the Orient's most powerful deities, Buddha, Confucius and Láo-tse, were rabid atheists during their lives, attained post-mortem divinity through their followers' propaganda.

Doctor Potter believes America is building up its own pantheon, placing Abraham Lincoln as its "social Christ," Theodore Roosevelt as its Samson or Hercules.

Parade

"When we marry we consider ourselves married for life," stated **Mme. Aurora Quezon**, wife of the President of the Philippines. "Our husbands and wives always try to please each other—so we are all happy. Marriage is considered very carefully for a long time before it takes place."

* * *

Tom Bailey, charged with drunkenness, told Police Judge A. A. Hatch of Tulsa, Oklahoma, he didn't know whether he had been stewed or not, that he had never been drunk before.

"Did everything sort of wave up and down like this?" the Judge asked. "And did you just feel mighty happy and grand and love every one in the whole world dearly? And did you also feel like you could just whip the pants off any mother's son alive?"

"Yeah," sighed the prisoner, "that's it."

"You were drunk," pronounced Hatch. "Five dollars and costs."

* * *

Fifty-eight men and two women took part in the cigar-smoking competition in **Hertogenbosch, Holland**. Winner was a man whose unbroken cigar-ash was seven centimeters in length after two hours' smoking. The winner said it would have been longer if he had not sneezed.

* * *

Coming out of the police station at Bronx Park, New York, **Sgt. Tom Maxwell** could hardly believe his eyes! A skeleton was lying in the street outside the station-house. While efforts were being made to locate its owner, the mass of bones was booked for indecent exposure.



© International

A vagrant skeleton found lying outside the Bronx Park Police Station grinned sardonically when Officer No. 3363 booked it for indecent exposure



Wide World

At Basil Rathbone's "Husband and Wife" party, Kay Francis jumped rope with cave-man Fredric March and his primitively-dressed wife



John Bauldolph

Fanny, the goose screen star, saw New York night life and swapped yarns at swanky bars

Hollywood film players continue to throw prankful parties. To celebrate their eleventh wedding anniversary, **Basil Rathbone** and his wife, **Ouida Bergere**, gave a "husband and wife" party which proved to be one of the season's best. Fredric March, Kay Francis and Mrs. March, Florence Eldridge, were among the most colorful guests.

* * *

Fanny, famous goose of the movies, is really male, but his success in vamp rôles on the screen got him "her" name. Recently on tour in the East, Fanny waddled around several of New York's most exclusive eating- and drinking-palaces.

* * *

"I am friendly to the Soviet, but I don't believe I have to take it on blind faith that everything in Russia is done by God," declared **Norman Thomas**, Socialist leader, when sailing for a two-month tour of Europe. "I don't know who is guilty in the Soviet plots, but I do not accept the Moscow trials as the last word."

* * *

"Your women are still the most beautiful in the world," commented **Charlie Ritz**, French hotel magnate, son of the founder of the famous chain. "And your men are still the same old business hustlers." Ritz is visiting America, not to buy hotels, but to arrange for the exhibit of the French luxury trade at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

* * *

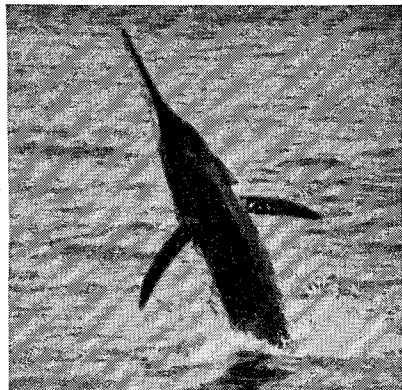
"Covering a war isn't a hard job," declared **Mark Barron**, day city editor of the Associated Press. "But seeing men who have become your friends torn to pieces isn't pleasant." Barron predicts "another big war is going to bust loose" soon and believes the theater of battle will be Europe.

* * *

"Every one here seems to dramatize himself," announced Her Highness, the **Ranee of Sarawak**, after a visit to Hollywood. "But I really think one would need to cut one's throat from ear to ear to get any attention." The Ranee is the English wife of the only white Rajah in the world. She announced her biggest ambition in California was to meet Clark Gable and Gary Cooper, admitted she had been frightened when interviewed over the radio.

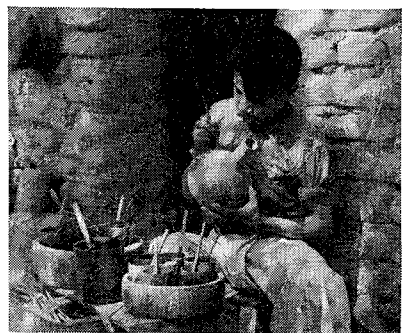
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WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE

Press

AIR AND INK: Radio Station Buys Newspaper to Reverse Precedent

Last week, while Congress stewed over whether the Federal Communications Commission ought to let newspapers buy up radio stations, a radio station bought a newspaper. KMMJ, in Clay County, Nebraska, took over the *Clay County Sun*, one of the State's leading weeklies.

Meanwhile the newest important radio subsidiary of an important newspaper chain, Scripps-Howard's Continental Radio Company, shuffled its official deck, prepared to "go to town."

New President is youthful Jack Howard, son of Publisher Roy Howard. New Chairman of the Board is Karl Bicknell, former head of Scripps-Howard's United Press.

Director Aylesworth—A new Director will be M. H. ("Deac") Aylesworth, who left the National Broadcasting Company and Radio-Keith-Orpheum to join Scripps-Howard as an executive last month. Aylesworth built up NBC as the nation's biggest radio chain (120 stations).

As yet, only two stations are owned by Continental, but applications are pending in Washington for two and individual Scripps-Howard papers own two more. William Randolph Hearst already owns ten stations, has Elliott Roosevelt in an executive post to help build up his chain, which is now a potential nation-wide network.

Nearly a third of the nation's stations are owned by newspapers, altho many individual transmitters are actually tied in with the three leading networks, NBC, Columbia and Mutual Broadcasting System.

Twenty-seven-year-old Jack Howard has been shuttling back and forth between the New York and Washington offices of Continental, acting as Assistant Secretary of the company. Dapper, small and very much like his famed father, he will have all the big guns of Scripps-Howard for advisers.

CHAINED WEEKLIES: Brothers Make Success in Small-Town News Field

Who owns the largest chain of newspapers in the United States?

First probable guess of the layman would be William Randolph Hearst, with twenty-five; second guess Scripps-Howard, with twenty-four. Both guesses would be wrong. For altho their string is made up of weeklies whose total circulation is less than many a Hearst metropolitan daily, the West Virginia Woodyards own thirty-one newspapers. Moreover, they make them pay.

Impressive anywhere would be a continuous record of 7 per cent. dividends through the country's worst depression, of continued expansion out of profits. In the weekly newspaper business, it is regarded by veterans as astounding.

Last week, the auditor's report on the first year of Woodyard business in Delaware, made by Director R. T. Ware, showed a \$13,000 profit on an investment

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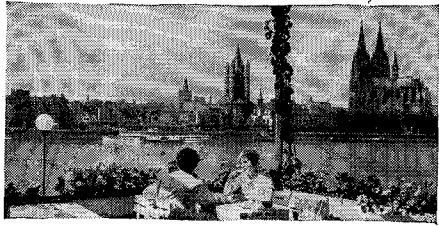
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ATLANTIC CITY

of \$30,000 in three papers and one commercial printing-plant. And this corporate part (capitalization \$100,000) of the Woodyard chain is the smallest.

Start in West Virginia—Largest and oldest group of Woodyard publications is in West Virginia, where fifteen papers have been consistent earners.

The first Woodyard paper was the Spencer (W. Va.) *Times-Record*, which Rep. Harry C. Woodyard owned in 1920, didn't know what to do with. He told two sons, William and Edward D. ("Ted") to run the paper. They did, found they were making money, and gradually expanded, altho the chain idea did not come to them until 1929.

Then they went on a trip with another brother, State Sen. Henry C. Woodyard (now a banker), and their Spencer Editor, Clay Miller, to find out how the daily chains made money. Weekly chains were virtually unheard of. Scripps-Howard and J. Noel Macy* willingly let them in on secrets of economy through centralized buying, good bookkeeping, and wholesale advertising solicitation and billing.

Corporate Plan—Plans laid, an expert auditor hired, and a new corporation formed with a capitalization of \$425,000, the Woodyards set out to buy more papers. Soon they had sixteen, all making money.

Long Island's prosperous North Shore territory was the next attack, and with it came trouble: a hard-fought battle with a rival chain of eight weeklies owned by Bronson Winthrop Griscom. Outcome: a merger, with two sets of eight papers each becoming the twelve papers of Griscom-Woodyard Publications, printed at one central plant.

A year ago, a third State was invaded, with the incorporation of Woodyard Publications of Delaware.

Other stockholders in the three ventures, capitalized together at \$662,000, include Karl Bickel and Thomas Gerber, of United Press; William H. Hamilton, of New York, and Thomas D. Cabot, of Boston.

The individual bosses on the Woodyard papers, called Editor-Managers, are usually veteran country paper workers, who can set type in the back shop with any one, solicit ads, and mix with small-town business men. They earn anywhere from \$30 to \$80 weekly. Few are graduates of journalism schools, still fewer big-city reporters with a yen for publishing.

Exception—But Frank J. Southerland, former Associated Press and St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* man, is one exception. In less than three months, he has built the four-page *Keyser Mountain Echo* in West Virginia into a twenty-four-page newspaper. To sell ads in the town of 6,000, he uses impressively-drawn layouts of suggested advertisements. The Woodyards rank him among their top Editor-Managers, each of whom is independent.

The average manager gets about \$40 weekly, plus bonuses. Under him, he has a \$15-a-week reporter, often a girl, and one or two printers.

But the average income of a Woodyard paper is close to \$18,000 a year, that of the average U. S. weekly only \$15,000.

Making money in a business where it was customary for decades to pay for subscriptions in potatoes and for advertising by trading clothing or buggies, means a formula. The Woodyards have it.

*Westchester County (New York) Newspapers, Inc., owns seven suburban dailies.

Keys to success include buying established papers in counties lacking a daily, combining publication with commercial printing, renting property instead of owning it, keeping overhead down, getting more national advertising than most weeklies, and filling their columns with local news instead of syndicated "boiler plate." "Locals" and "personals," they insist, are worth more in a weekly than cables from Paris.

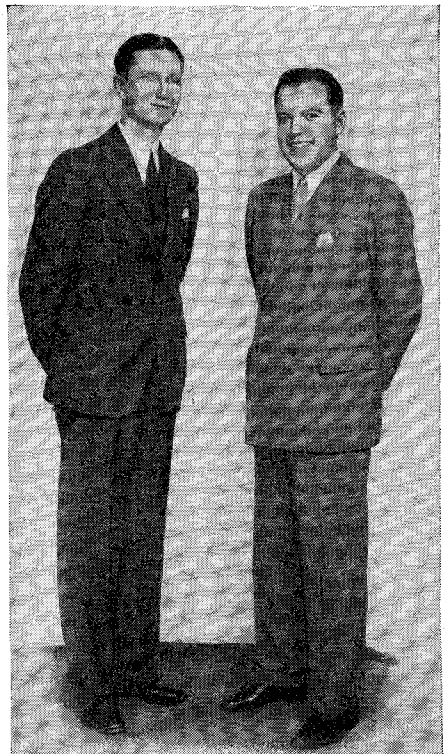
The typical Woodyard paper is in a town with fewer than 10,000 persons, often the county seat. Circulation is usually about 2,000. Income: about 50 per cent. from advertising, 35 per cent. from printing, 15 per cent. from subscriptions.

Total annual pay-roll in three States is \$160,000, an average of \$30 per week per employee, which is considerably more than their 50,000 colleagues on the nation's other weeklies receive.

Rolling up their sleeves and working side by side with their employees is almost a fetish of Brothers Ted and William. Ted, who is under forty, can bang a typewriter with most of his Editors, writes many a Republican editorial in West Virginia (in Delaware the editorials are Democratic). William often pitches in at a linotype when business piles up, lays out advertisements and sells them, and can analyze a balance sheet like a certified public accountant. Curiously, altho the Woodyard management is founded upon printing practicality, it is also the epitome of the modern business methods that have been rejuvenating country journalism since the advent of college-trained newspaper men.

Modern Methods—Auditor J. Stewart Stephens, in fact, is now writing a book on newspaper bookkeeping for Prentice-Hall, New York publishers. All the executives keep a watchful eye on everything that is printed about the \$200,000-000 country newspaper business.

With more than 2,000 United States counties without a daily newspaper, the



Davis Studios

"Ted" Woodyard (right) realized profit from Delaware weeklies under R. Ware's management

opportunities for Woodyard expansion appear to be lush. Few other weekly papers are chain-owned because for decades small-town folk resented outside ownership of their chief organs of news.

But to-day, with chain groceries and filling stations, and metropolitan papers with world news being rushed by truck to almost every farmhouse, the opportunities are widening. There are nearly a hundred small chains (two or more papers) in the United States already.

LITERARY MILE-STONE: Writer Magazine Marks Its Golden Anniversary

"The art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair," says Sinclair Lewis, quoting a fellow author, Mary Heaton Vorse.

The art of teaching budding novelists how to construct plots and handle dialog was grown-up enough last week to have a fifty-year-old trade paper. Sent to 10,000 writers' mail-boxes from literary Boston, the Golden Anniversary issue of *The Writer* boasted contributors and editors well-known in the writing profession.

Editor Alexander Bowler, a veteran at twenty-five, has on his editorial board Lowell Thomas, Editor of *Commentator*; Arnold Gingrich, Editor of *Esquire*; John Gallishaw, author of "Principles of Fiction," and Ben Ames Williams.

Contributors—For articles on how to write, the pens (or typewriters) of John Farrar of Farrar & Rinehart, Arthur Guiterman, *Story's* Martha Foley, Sherwood Anderson, Negley Farson and Henry Goddard Leach are on tap.

The Writer seldom pays its contributors, even the dollar-a-word writers, more than \$10 or \$15. Helpfulness to aspiring writers is the sought-for idea in either Big Name or Little Name articles.

That idea first came to Robert Luce and William Hills, Boston *Daily Globe* reporters, in 1887. The magazine struggled along with articles on reporting and freelancing, acquired something of a high-brow reputation.

Editors—Hills was Editor for thirty-eight years, was followed by William D. Kennedy, Sargent Collier and Samuel G. Houghton. A new make-up, more articles, and the Bowler enthusiasm have doubled the subscription list in fifteen months.

Banned from *Writer* advertising columns are fake literary agents and doubtful schools of writing. Easy to solicit for an occasional full-page ad is *Atlantic Monthly*, for *The Writer* and the famed *Atlantic* are in the same building.

Education

SLIMMING FARE: Barnard Girls Lose Weight Through New Diet

Two students of New York City's Barnard College, commiserating with each other about their tendency to plumpness, their round figures, fat arms and legs, and the necessity of patronizing the "stylish stout" department when they went to buy new

Check Your Weight

Here is the Barnard College "Ideal Weight" table* for women. Notice the wide range variation permitted in poundage. Do you fit into this scale?

Height	Weight
60 inches	102-112 pounds
61 "	108-119 "
62 "	114-125 "
63 "	120-132 "
64 "	123-135 "
65 "	126-139 "
66 "	130-143 "
67 "	134-147 "
68 "	138-152 "
69 "	141-155 "
70 "	145-160 "

*This table worked out scientifically by Dr. William R. F. Emerson, former Dartmouth health officer, in his book, "Diagnosis of Health."

frocks, were overheard by Assistant Dean Helen F. Abbott.

"Doctor Alsop says we could get thin if we followed her diet, but it is so difficult to exercise your will-power when the girl who sits beside you at dinner can eat all the cake and pie and ice-cream she wants," one of them complained.

Assistant Dean Abbott had an idea. "There must be other girls who want to reduce," she said.

"Find them, and I'll have a special table set up for you in the dining-hall, where only the food the doctor orders will be served."

Thus was born the Barnard "slimming" table. Last week came first word of the results of its operation for six weeks.

Record Drops—Five students lost an aggregate of 100 pounds. One girl dropped from 200 to 190 pounds, while four others lost from one to seven pounds each week. The sixth fell by the wayside. On a gay weekend at home, she entered a waffle-eating contest. P.S. She won it.

Nevertheless, so successful has the Barnard experiment been deemed that a second teachers' table was being organized last week by a group of overweight instructors. Three more overweight girl students had joined the original group.

Worked out by Dr. Gulielma F. Alsop, resident college physician at Barnard, the slimming diet is based on what Doctor Alsop terms the "high vitamin content" theory. In other words, altho the rations are less than those allowed individuals of normal weight, they give ample nourishment and sufficient vitamins to maintain good health and undiminishing vitality.

Here it is:

Breakfast: raw fruit, glass of milk, one egg, one slice of whole grain bread with butter.

Luncheon: raw fruit, glass of milk, freshly cooked natural vegetable (this may be a potato), or a salad garnished with any kind of salad dressing (*mayonnaise*, thousand island, etc.) desired.

Dinner: choice of four foods out of six listed. The six: a raw fruit, a glass of milk, meat of any kind. Two different vegetables, a salad.

Food is prepared as usual with butter and ordinary condiments in the college kitchen. It differs from food prepared and

U S S R



Peoples artists who perform in the collective farm theatres of the Ukraine — these are two who have distinguished themselves in the Donetz industrial area.

Education and culture

in the Soviet Union are keeping pace with the enormous strides forward being recorded in industry and agriculture. This has been an essential part of the program of social improvement whose achievements vie in interest with the scenic panoramas and historic monuments of a long past. An increasing number of European and round-the-world travelers are including Soviet trips in their itineraries. Interesting starting points are Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev or Odessa. Tours may extend down the Volga to the many resort spots and interesting cities of the Caucasus, the Crimea and the Ukraine.

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served to other students in no way, except in quantity.

Mile Walks—In addition to rigid adherence (no waffle parties) to this diet routine, Doctor Alsop asks that each girl walk a full hour each day (from three to four miles), keep up her regular gymnasium work, which consists of two forty-five-minute workouts weekly, either in a calisthenics, dancing, swimming or tennis class.

Each girl is weighed regularly every week, but generally she weighs herself more often.

Before being permitted to go on the diet, each girl must undergo a thorough physical examination, have a metabolism test, and in general prove herself in good physical condition, except for her surplus weight. During the period she is reducing, regular physical examinations are given.

With gratification, Doctor Alsop reports that not only are the girls losing steadily, but in all cases her examinations show their general physical conditions have been improving.

The Barnard slimming diet, warns Doctor Alsop, is not to be confused with the "trick" diets which have swept the country from time to time—i. e., the so-called Hollywood or high-protein formula followed by Clark Gable, Una Merkel and others, which is based on high consumption of beefsteak and grapefruit juice; the Ethel Barrymore diet, which was worked out on the calory principle; the Hauser diet, large quantities of green roughage and potassium broth.

Milk Used—"Notice that milk is one of my principal foods," she remarks.

"I am a firm believer in one or more glasses of milk a day for almost every one. Milk is a strength food and it is non-fat-tening.

"The diet is not prescribed for any set length of time.

"I feel that it should be taken like a long walk down a flight of stairs, with frequent landings upon which to pause for breath or rest.

"In most cases, it is advisable to diet for two weeks and then go back to normal food for seven days, back to diet for two weeks, then rest again. It so happens that none of my girls has taken any rest period from the slimming-table, but they have proved themselves in such excellent physical shape that none has been deemed necessary. Also, they are young, vigorous and healthy girls."

Barnard underweight girls go on no special diet, simply augment the normal college meals with from one to two quarts of milk daily, taken between meals, either as plain milk, in egg-nog, malted milk, ice-cream, or custard form.

They are also instructed to rest for a brief time after every meal, to endeavor to get at least eight hours' sleep and more if possible.

Following this simple procedure, one student has gained thirty-five pounds since enrolment in college last September.

"Normal" meals at Barnard regularly served to students and instructors alike consist of:

Breakfast: selection from fruit, cereal, eggs. Boiled or poached eggs are available every day. Scrambled eggs with bacon and sausage are served once or twice a week. Always there are toast, jam, jelly and beverages.

Luncheon: selection from soup, *entrée*, three vegetables (of which one is usually potato or potato substitute), salad, dessert and beverages.

Dinner: soup, salad, meat, two vegetables at least, dessert (which is often pie or ice-cream).

On these normal meals, students are expected to maintain normal poundage, according to the Dr. William R. P. Emerson scientific table of weight and height ("Diagnosis of Health," D. Appleton, New York), which has been adopted by Doctor Alsop in all medical chartings for the students at Barnard.

Physical Ideal—As in other women's colleges of high standards and ideals, Barnard students are taught to strive for a physical ideal, for bodily as well as spiritual and mental perfection.

The ideal girl may be blonde, brunette or redhead, but she must have a clear skin, bright eyes, be alert in manner and achieve a weight commensurate with her height, as worked out in the Emerson table (see box).

The ideal Barnard girl does not smoke, nor take a cocktail. However, most of Barnard's 1,000 students do smoke, and on Saturday night many of them substitute for the popular "frosted chocolate" a stiff Bacardi or Old-Fashioned.

Doctor Alsop, responsible not only for the success of the slimming-table but for the good health of all Barnard students, is the College's first and only resident physician. In 1917, when she joined the staff as lecturer on hygiene, Barnard had no regular doctor. Small of stature, alert-eyed, quick and bird-like in her movements, she is a favorite among students and teaching staff alike. A graduate of Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, she has done graduate work in Vienna, from 1911 to 1915 served as missionary doctor with St. Elizabeth Hospital, Sinza, Shanghai. Her hobby is writing, in which she has attained some distinction, a short story, "Kitchen Gods," having been chosen for the O. Henry and O'Brien short-story collections.



Clyde Cruse

Dr. Lee McBride White left his pulpit . . .

Social Science

CHILD BENEFACTOR: Victims of Birth Injuries Helped to Health by Ex-Pastor

For seventeen years, while he was the pastor of the fashionable suburban Baptist Church in Birmingham's (Alabama) West End, Dr. Lee McBride White watched his twin boys grow up helpless victims of spastic paralysis—caused by birth injury. He watched their spasmodic, disconnected movements, his heart torn as they faltered in the activities so easy to normal children. Looking around, he noticed many other children similarly afflicted.

Inquiry revealed there were 20,000 cases in the South, of which 6,000 were not too hopeless to be treated. For seventeen years, he talked with the parents of children so afflicted, talked to the physicians who treated them, visited clinics, read exhaustively on the subject.

Out of his intimate acquaintance with this form of paralysis—as close as his lack of medical knowledge would let him come—in the past five years grew a resolve to do something to help counteract the effects of birth-injury on the lives of his fellow citizens.

Great Adventure—So last fall he walked down out of his pulpit, handed his resignation to his deacons, and set out on what he calls "the greatest adventure of my life." This adventure took the form of the White School—for these hapless children who almost literally started life on the wrong foot.

Started with capital of only \$200, Doctor White's school last week passed its six-month mark, was stamped as one of the South's most unusual institutions. Located on the outskirts of Birmingham, it covers five acres, has treated scores of children from six States.

In Doctor White, a slender man with a very forceful personality, they have



Clyde Cruse

to better the plight of spastic paralytics

found a father confessor, a very intimate friend and associate. He has to sit out in the kitchen while his roomful of little charges have their meals, for with him around there would be bedlam—and no eating. The sight of him brings shouted greetings, and a dozen of them will have been saving up something “specially to tell Doctor White.” Mrs. White is a mainstay of the school, too. Her husband gives cheerful credit to her for her shrewd, careful work as purchasing agent.

Humor Keen—Most amazing thing of all is the keen sense of humor the children have.

Spastic paralysis from which they suffer includes rigidity of muscles caused by injury to parts of the brain or other nerve-centers. Children may be injured at birth in a variety of ways, not all of them preventable even with the most meticulous care in use of instruments, etc. Birth injuries usually occur to the head and spinal cord. Treatment consists of applying supports, braces where needed, sometimes operating on rigid muscles; supervised exercise to teach control of extremities, facial expression, to improve ability to walk, to do things with the hands, to speak correctly—in general, to improve the general physical state of the patient.

At Doctor White's school a distinguished Southern neurologist, Dr. Wilmot Littlejohn, has charge of the delicate medical angles involved in passing on the hundreds of applicants.

Treatments—In the treatment of spastic paralysis most important of all is the psychological readjustments. Here the school's work comes in. Soon after they arrive, these children who have never known out-of-door play begin to form a little society all their own. They learn to understand the ill-formed, jabbering words of one another even better than Doctor White can understand. The half-articulated, incoherent talk an outsider hears makes perfect sense to them.

The technique he uses in helping his patients is based on his long study of their peculiar affliction. First of all, he

substitutes a cheery, every-day atmosphere of casual intercourse. In their minds he creates the illusion that they are just like their brothers and sisters. Except for an extreme sensitiveness, they are in many ways like other children. That sensitive feeling for what is going on around makes them react sharply to any show of emotion near them.

The children being treated are cared for by payments from the parents of a bare *per diem* of \$2, which includes everything from treatment to laundry. A few added wrinkles have come into the Doctor's forehead since food prices started shooting up, but so far he has not raised the charge. And he has refused to solicit outside aid, has not approached a single organization or individual for money. Some of the children are supported in the school by funds of their parents' friends who know of their inability to pay, but Doctor White has nothing to do with that.

Limited Ability—In all his activity about the place, Doctor White never forgets he is not a physician. Treatments beyond these simple mental stays and aids he leaves to trained physiotherapists. This leaves him free to develop the psychological approaches in which he believes.

As Doctor White knows, there is almost no hope as yet of trying to cure the children. Just as a man who has lost a leg can never be the same, so their paralysis may always block certain paths. For this reason, the paralyzed muscles do not enter the treatment.

A strange coincidence makes Doctor White sure of his continued close walk with the Nazarene; he likes to recall the story told in The Acts of Peter and John of the man “lame from his mother's womb.”

“I believe the Christian religion is the basis of all unselfish service,” Doctor White declared. “This is a spiritual adventure with me. Some religions exist only to preserve doctrines. I'm serving people, rather than ideas.”

Topics in Brief

TO US MERE grubbers, the hot money of 1937 is just as elusive as the frozen funds of 1933.—*Dallas News*.

NO TWO WARS are exactly alike in this world. Each is worse than the one before it.—*F. H. Collier in St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

AL CAPONE will probably be shocked to learn that in Illinois the common crow is now rated as public enemy No. 1.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record*.

THEY SAY Mussolini made the trains run on time. In Spain the Loyalists have done the same for his soldiers.—*Cal Tennyson in New York Post*.

MORE AND MORE digest magazines are being published. Soon we'll need one called The Digest of Digest Magazines Magazine.—*State Journal (Topeka, Kan.)*.

IN THE NEW DEAL 25,000,000 cards have been distributed and the Social Security Board has not yet got to the bottom of the deck.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

AS PREPARATIONS go forward for the Coronation in England, David Windsor is the world's outstanding example of letting George do it.—*Savannah (Ga.) Morning News*.

BILL TILDEN figures he has played almost 12,000 tennis matches in the last thirty-five years. . . . And had batted the ball 100,000,000 times.—*Bill Farnsworth in New York Journal*.

WE'RE A TRIFLE lame on that international stuff, but as far as we can make out, a buffer State is one that's in the middle, between two biffer States.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald*.

A COMMITTEE recommends \$14,545,000 for promotion of air-safety. Another method would be to see that all the gadgets are working properly before the plane hops off.—*Miami Herald*.

THE FEDERAL Department of Justice reports a considerable increase in violent crimes in 1936. Maybe people don't stand recovery as well as they did the depression.—*Indianapolis News*.

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WATERWAYS BECKON U. S. SPORTSMEN

Big Increase Noted in Craft and Aids for Sailing Fans

On lakes, bays, oceans, rivers, and canals, more Americans will go down to the sea in dinky, outboard-powered skiffs and eye-filling Diesel yachts this year than ever before in the history of pleasure-boating.

Thus, last January, ran the 1937 predictions of the country's major boat, engine, and gadget manufacturers, as they gleefully tabulated a \$3,000,000 business done at the thirty-second annual National Motor-Boat Show in New York City.

This month in hundreds of Northern boat-yards, the owners of America's 1,500,000 sailing and power craft are busy scraping, painting, polishing, and refitting their boats to the tune of approximately \$5,000,000. By the end of the year, their expenditures for maintenance, new boats, engines and equipment, will have exceeded \$100,000,000.

Not Exclusive—Once almost exclusively controlled by millionaires, the sport of pleasure-boating has, within the past ten years, developed into one of the country's most potent recreational forces largely through increased leisure time, creation of new waterways, and the activities of the salary class comprising the bulk of its followers.

To the landlubber shopping around this month for his first motor-boat, the problems of what to buy, how much to spend, and what to allow for upkeep are more than slightly confusing. There are more than seventy boat-builders in the country turning out literally hundreds of stock models ranging from tiny outboards costing \$200 or \$300 to fifty-foot cabin cruisers retailing at \$30,000.

Coincident with the recent boom in automobile trailers, cruisers will probably be the most popular type motor-boat this summer. Like trailers, the huge variety of standardized and custom models makes purchasing a tricky business.

Beware of Cheapness—The first thing to look for is sound workmanship. Experts estimate that only 15 per cent. of the cost of a boat goes for materials. The rest is for labor. Consequently, an enticingly cheap boat may be cheaply built, cost a pretty penny when the next refitting season rolls around.

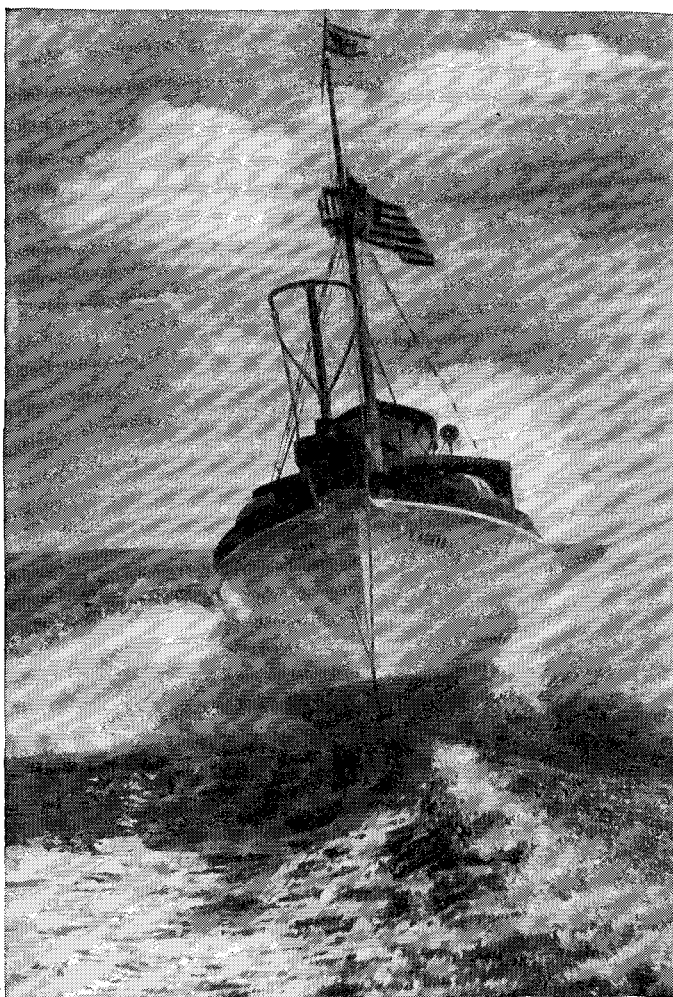
A seaworthy twenty-four-foot open-cockpit cruiser for week-end fishing and pleasure jaunts costs around \$2,500, will probably take another \$400 a year to maintain. For \$5,500 you can get a thirty-five-foot cabin job with sleeping accommodations for four or six people, a tiny galley equipped with stove and sink, and a cruising speed of fifteen or sixteen knots. Upkeep will run around \$600 a year.

The fifty-foot, \$30,000 cruisers on which a family can live the year around are miniature ocean-liners. Standard models offer a double master's stateroom, two

single guest cabins, and crew's quarters up forward. The galley is larger than the average apartment kitchenette, and is equipped with sink, electric stove and ice-box, and roomy stowage space for utensils.

Modern Furnishings—The glassed-in lounge above decks on the fifty-footers is as luxuriously furnished as a drawing-room, with sofas and deep easy chairs. The boat is navigated from a "flying bridge" just aft the lounge. With twin-screw Diesel engines it can clock off twenty miles an hour.

It costs money to run one of the fifty-footers, tho. For anything above forty feet you should have a regular crew. On a fifty-footer be prepared to pay from \$150



M. Rosenfeld, N.Y.

Anchors aweigh . . . for the greatest season in American motor-boating

to \$200 a month for the captain, and \$75 to \$125 for the second man, plus subsistence (\$1.75 a day) and clothes (\$150) for each. All told, six-month operating expenses will probably total about \$5,000.

Whatever the size of the cruiser, it will cost more to buy and keep than an automobile. In addition to the purchase price, you've got to allow for annual fitting-out expenses, yacht club dues, oil and gasoline, repairs, mooring fees, storage and haul-out charges, and insurance.

Yearly Overhaul—Many amateur boatmen do their own work every spring. The annual paint job is arduous but essential. Worn fittings and rigging have to be replaced. And the engine requires over-

hauling once a year. For a twenty-four-footer, a complete job by professional workmen will probably cost about \$125; for a fifty-footer, something nearer \$600.

While not a "must," membership in a yacht club adds considerably to the sport. If you want just an ordinary boating club, without any fancy trimmings, you can probably find one with annual dues as little as \$10. The more elaborate clubs, with swimming-pools, swanky clubhouses, and all sorts of service, will cost up to \$150 annually, plus initiation fees.

On the question of oil and gasoline expenses, not many boat dealers are willing to make estimates. It all depends, they say, on whether you have one or two engines, how powerful they are, where you cruise, and at what speed you go. You may burn anywhere from four to forty gallons an hour.

For a working average, statisticians of the Elco plant, one of the largest cruiser works in the world, figure gas and oil for 1,000 miles of normal cruising in a twenty-four-foot boat will cost \$50; in a thirty-five-footer, \$150; and in a fifty-footer, \$265.

Storage — Mooring fees will bump the kitty another \$10 or \$15 a year. Open storage during the winter lay-up is based on the size of the boat and varies between \$1.50 and \$2.50 a foot, which includes hauling out of the water and launching. Inside storage runs between \$3 and \$5 a foot. Insurance rates are scaled roughly from \$90 for a twenty-four-footer to \$500 for a fifty-footer per year.

With his boat shipshape, his check-book within easy reach, and cruising guests ready, the boat-owner this year will have almost unlimited scope for his nautical activities. In addition to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Gulf of Mexico, bays, sounds and rivers, a vast inland waterways system offers thousands of miles of protected cruising highways for small boats.

A small boat can encircle almost the entire eastern half of the United States on inland waterways. Starting at New York City, a small cruiser can go up the Hudson River and across to the Great Lakes on New York State Barge Canals, thence through the Illinois Waterway at Chicago to the Mississippi River and its tributaries.

Inside Waters — After a trip down the Mississippi, the cruiser can reach Florida on intracoastal waterways, venturing on outside waters only occasionally, the longest jump being the 200 miles from Carrabelle to Tampa Bay. With the completion this spring of the trans-Florida canal, the cruiser can proceed across the State to join the Eastern Intracoastal Waterway at Stuart.

Last spring Army engineers completed the final link in the Miami-Delaware Bay section of the Waterway. On it, a small pleasure boat can cover the 1,400 miles without once going out on open sea. With the exception of a passage around Cape May, and a twenty-mile run from Manasquan to New York Bay, another coastal waterway provides protected

cruising the entire length of New Jersey from Delaware Bay to New York City.

Power and water supply projects in the prairie and mountain plateau countries have made active boating centers of many landlocked sections of the United States. Artificial lakes created along the Tennessee River by the T. V. A. hydroelectric project will eventually form a navigable waterway connected by locks.

Boating on Boulder Dam—In the West, pleasure boats have already started using Lake Meade, formed by construction of Boulder Dam across the Colorado River on the Arizona-Nevada boundary. Permits cost \$2.50 a year for operation of a power boat or sailboat, \$2 for a rowboat or canoe.

The 1,800-acre Spavinaw Lake created in 1924 to supply water for Tulsa, Oklahoma, is the scene of operations for more than 500 boats.

Other reservoirs in Missouri, South Carolina, Texas, Arizona, Alabama, the Pacific Northwest, and in the Pennsylvania mountains are also becoming prominent boating centers.

One important factor in the increasing popularity of cruising is the development of "marinas" throughout the country. In boating parlance, a marina is a sheltered basin for pleasure craft where yachtsmen can obtain fuel, fresh water, supplies and service.

First of the nation's cities to realize the commercial advantage of building marinas were Miami and San Francisco, which pioneered in the field in 1925. The Miami marina, built in boom times at a cost of \$90,000, has already paid for itself. Yachtsmen using it during the past twelve years have poured millions of dollars into Florida.

Aids Increase—Impressed by the success of the Miami and San Francisco projects, both of which are planning vast additions this year, other cities have built marinas during the past few years. Their development has been largely responsible for the growth of yachting activity on the Great Lakes, which has shown the largest increase in numbered boats during the past five years of any boating area in the United States.

Five yacht basins on the Lake Michigan water-front at Chicago last year serviced more than 600 pleasure boats. Detroit's Home Rule Act prevented completion of plans for a municipal basin in Memorial Park in 1930, but Sandusky and Cleveland are planning extensive developments of their water-front facilities.

A. P. B. A.—The governing factor in the sport of cruising and other forms of motor-boating has been, for thirty-four years, the American Power Boat Association. Operating through twelve American and two Canadian regional groups, the A. P. B. A. establishes motor-boat regulations and lays down laws for racing.

In 1904 the then year-old A. P. B. A. gave American motor-boat racing its start by conducting the first Gold Cup race, now second in world importance only to the famed Harmsworth Trophy contests. News that the first Gold Cup winner, C. C. Riotte's *Standard*, had splashed through the Hudson River at the sensational speed of 23.6 nautical miles an hour, astounded the world. By 1932 Gar Wood had boosted the record to 124.86.

The year 1937, says George W. Sutton, Jr., President of the A. P. B. A., will, from every indication, be the greatest year in the history of American motor-boat

racing. The biggest thrills, he predicts, will come from the 225-cubic inch hydroplanes, the Gold Cup boats, and the outboards.

"Poor Man's" Boat—Three years ago the A. P. B. A. conceived the idea of a small, fast, "poor man's" boat for national and international racing, and came up with designs for the 225's, whose hulls at water-line can not be less than 15½ feet, and whose power plants can not cost more than \$700.

In three years their speed has increased from thirty-three to seventy sea miles an hour, and their popularity has spread to Canada, England, France and Italy.

A fizzle for the past two years, the Gold Cup race this year has been thrown open for the first time to foreign drivers. Maurice Vasseur and Emile Piquerez, famed French drivers, and Count Theo Rossi and Guido Cattaneo, Italian sportsmen, will compete against the pilots of America's fastest big boats at Detroit the first week in September.

Outboards—Because they are the least expensive, the most popular class among America's 1,400 racing boats are the outboards, the small, beetle-like craft powered by detachable motors fastened to the stern.

Defending the outboard championship he has won for two straight years with the most phenomenal record ever made by a driver is Fred Jacoby of North Bergen, New Jersey.

In 1935 and 1936, with only his brother, Emile, to assist with mechanical work, Jacoby finished fifth or better in 134 races. He raced 1,675 miles in 41 regattas, piling up 51,529 points. Both years he won the George H. Townsend American Outboard Highpoint Trophy for quantity of points, and the Stanley W. Ferguson Diamond Medal for quality of performance.

In 1935 Jacoby won the grueling, 135-mile Albany-to-New York marathon, averaging 37.7 miles an hour.

This year he established an American professional one-mile record of 70.615 miles an hour for international Class X (biggest) outboards. Sutton "practically guarantees" that either Jacoby or some other driver of the big outboards will this year break the world's record of 74.39, now held by the Parisian, Jean Dupuy.

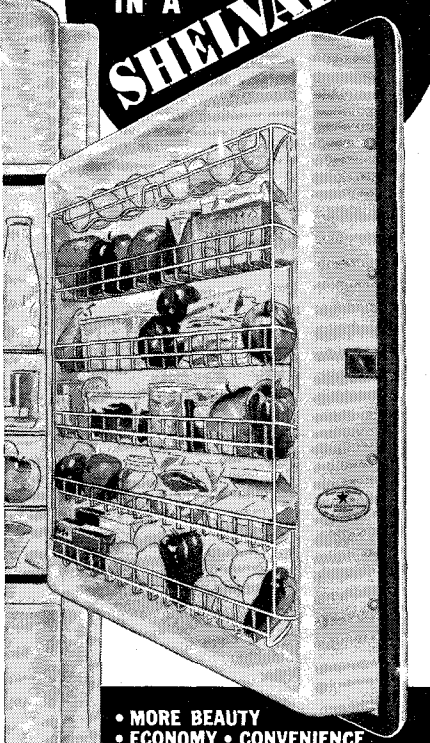
PUNCHY: Prize-Fighters Walk on Their Heels After Getting Numerous Hooks to Chin

The least welcome topic of conversation among fight managers and promoters is boxing's most pathetic, and possibly most prevalent occupational affliction: pnuch drunkenness.

Because they give the boxing game a brutal, unwholesome aura, "slap happy" or "punchy" ex-fighters, who have lost their mental balance from abnormal pounding on the head, are usually committed quietly to private or State institutions, occasionally taken care of generously by their former associates, and almost always forgotten thereafter.

Because even extensive laboratory tests have thus far failed to provide medical men with a complete explanation of this abnormality, only theory supports charges that the mumbling, hazy derelicts of boxing got that way from taking excessive punishment in the ring. Consequently, many of boxing's ardent supporters defend

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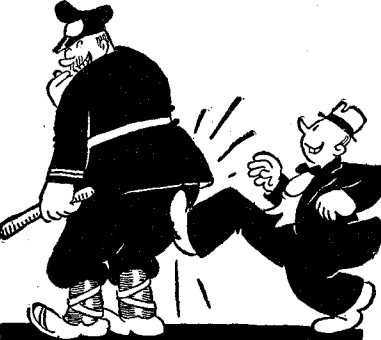
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The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

the game by disavowing the existence of the affliction.

McTigue Committed—"There just isn't any such thing as punch drunkenness," says Jimmy Johnston, boxing promoter at New York City's Madison Square Garden, who, two weeks ago, was present when Mike McTigue, former (1923-'25-'27) light heavy-weight champion of the world, was committed to Rockland State Hospital. Johnston had previously offered to support, at his own expense, the forty-three-year-old fighter he once managed.

"Some damn sports writer saw a man stunned by a blow," says Johnston, "saw him stagger, as if drunk, and said, 'Why, that man's punch drunk!'"

"Well, he wasn't."

"He might have been stunned, but I've never yet seen a man retire from the ring mentally affected with what you call punch drunkenness from the blows he received while fighting."

"I've handled more fighters than any other man living and I've never seen one that was punch drunk. If a man ever left the ring mentally deficient, he was mentally deficient when he entered it."

Cure Studied—But despite Johnston's assertions to the contrary, the coincidence of boxers developing thickness of speech, unsteadiness of gait, slowness of movement, and impairment and loss of memory has prompted London's famed Guy's Hospital to initiate a special study of the cause and cure of punch drunkenness, and last year produced, in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, a discussion of the subject by Dr. Edward J. Carroll, Jr.

Based on a two-year investigation, Doctor Carroll discovered that "competent followers of the sport estimate that about five per cent. of men who remain in the professional ranks for a period of five years or more will become definitely punch drunk. About 60 per cent. of fighters remaining in the ring for this period will develop mental and emotional changes which are obvious to people who knew them previously. A few deteriorate to the extent that institutionalization is necessary."

Outwardly, punch drunkenness often re-

sembles alcoholic drunkenness, is frequently mistaken for it. "Slug nutty" fighters are often very talkative, apt to ask the same questions over and over again, or intersperse their conversation with occasional bursts of laughter.

Squaring Off—Sounds or sights reminiscent of his fighting days are sometimes enough to send one into a crouching position, with his left arm out, his right fist protecting his chin against an imaginary opponent. Frequently, too, he illustrates his remarks with jabs, hooks and feints.

Thickness of speech and the tendency to mutter and mumble usually occur only in the more severe cases.

The most unfortunate aspect of it is that punch-drunk fighters never realize they are punch drunk. They always "feel fine."

The most likely cause of punch drunkenness seems to be that tiny hemorrhages through the brain substance cause permanent change. A tough sock on the jaw is apparently sufficient after repeated cases to jar the brain badly enough to cause such hemorrhages.

Punch drunkenness closely resembles certain cases of encephalitis, or sleeping sickness. Squirting air into the skull of a man who has been "cutting paper dolls," for the purpose of taking an X-ray of his brain, temporarily relieves punch-drunk symptoms in about 50 per cent. of cases, Doctor Carroll found.

Brain Jarred—Another explanation is that the brain goes through a continuous degeneration, like the sole of a shoe worn by constant rubbing against a concrete sidewalk. A blow hard enough to cause unconsciousness must jar the brain sufficiently to damage the tissues. In effect, the brain bounces against the roof of the skull, causing scar-like injuries which may produce mental meanderings.

A third theory is that the gray and white matter of the brain are of different densities. A hard blow on the head starts the white matter moving at one rate of speed, the gray matter at another, with a resultant shift of molecular bases.

Until more definite knowledge is obtained which will lead to prevention of punch drunkenness, apparently the only way for a professional fighter to avoid it is to stop fighting.

Tunney Quit in Time—In training for his second battle with Jack Dempsey in 1927, Doctor Carroll recalls, Gene Tunney took a hard punch from a sparring partner, boxed another three rounds without having any recollection of them, and for the next three days was dazed and disoriented.

"From that incident," wrote the former world heavy-weight champion, "was born my desire to quit the ring forever, the first opportunity that presented itself."

"But most of all I wanted to leave the game that had threatened my sanity before I met an accident in a real fight with six-ounce gloves that would permanently hurt my brain."

"The possibility of becoming punch drunk haunted me for weeks."

Tunney successfully defended his title against Dempsey in 1927, scored a technical knock-out over Tom Heeney of Australia on July 21, 1928, and in August, 1928, announced his retirement from the ring.

Most famous of the world champions who didn't retire in time is Ad Wolgast, who in 1910 won the light-weight title from Bat Nelson, and lost it in 1912 to Willie Ritchie. Wolgast is now in an asylum in California, "getting ready for his fight with Bat Nelson." The "fight" is always scheduled for "to-morrow."

SPORT SHOTS

With the score 10 to 1 against them in the seventh inning of a Grapefruit League baseball game at Tampa, Florida, last week, the Cincinnati Reds rallied, scored ten runs, and defeated the Boston Bees, 11 to 10.

Three Cincinnati pitchers walked seventeen men, while Boston's three hurlers were allowing six bases on balls in the wildest game of the current Southern training season.

* * *

Back in Berlin last week after an unsuccessful attempt to make James J. Braddock go through with his contract to fight him for the world's heavy-weight boxing championship in New York on June 3, Max Schmeling announced he would "sit tight and let things ripen" before returning to the United States on April 22.

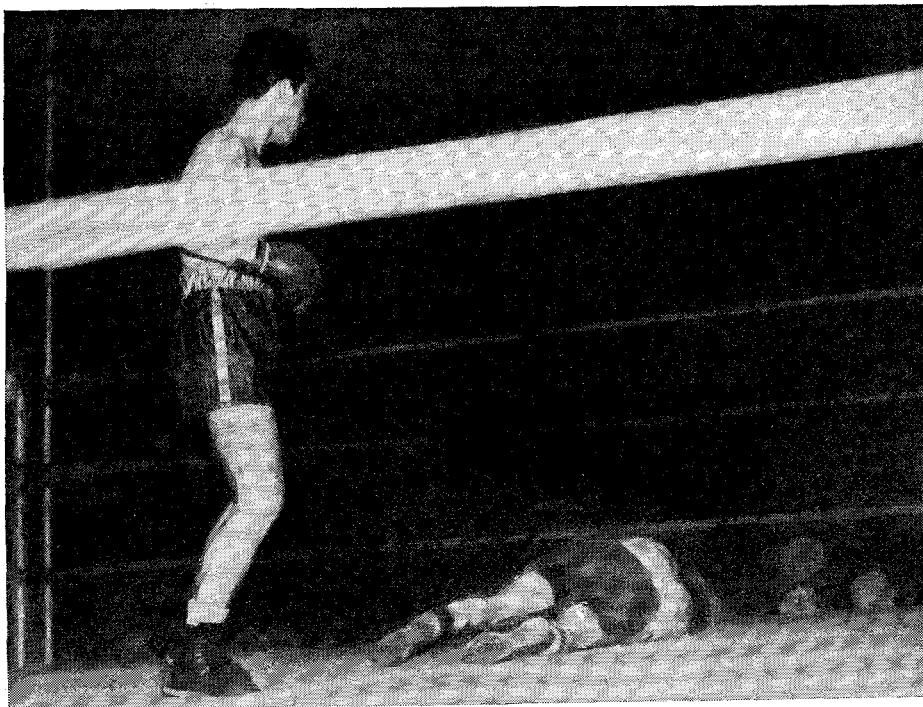
Meanwhile Braddock, who has another contract to fight Joe Louis in Chicago on June 22 and is dickering with a third offer of a July bout with Schmeling in Berlin, received a fourth bid to meet the Negro challenger in Pittsburgh.

His fistic future far from settled, Braddock took a night off to compete on a "booster" team in the American Bowling Congress at New York City, rolled 102-104-92, the lowest score of the evening.

* * *

In Pittsburgh last week, after successive trouncings in New York and Chicago, William T. Tilden, 2d, forty-four-year-old ex-tennis champion of the world, won his first match from Frederick J. Perry, 6-2, 8-10, 6-3, 6-3.

The following night, in Detroit, Perry clinched the five-match series by beating Tilden in straight sets, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.



Wide World

Knock-outs like the "KO" the late Tony Marino took from Escobar often make fighters punch drunk

Finance and Industry

INFLATION? KEEP AN EYE ON PRICES

The Greeks Had No Name for It But Their "Owls" Suffered

In 1923, an inmate of a Berlin lunatic asylum who had been there since 1914 was pronounced cured and was released. On the street he called a cab, asked the fare to his home, and was informed that the price was 10,000 marks. The puzzled ex-lunatic declared he possessed only a gold ten-mark piece. To which the cabbie replied, "Fine! Your gold ten-mark is worth 10,000,000 marks." The former mental patient studied the driver in amazement. "Drive me back to the asylum," he commanded. He had not heard of the inflation.

In 1780, Samuel Adams, the Revolutionary patriot, paid \$2,000 for a new suit and hat. A few months later a contemporary paid \$5,000 for a pair of shoes. "Not worth a Continental" summed up the depths to which colonial inflation had depressed the currency of that day.

In 415 B.C. Athenians drained their treasury of its last "owl" (a silver coin equivalent to eighteen of our cents) to finance a freebooting expedition against Corinth. At their wit's end to raise more money, the Athenians minted copper coins, plated them with silver, and passed them off as authentic "owls." The original silver "owls" promptly disappeared from circulation and went into hoard-hiding (2,000 years later Gresham explained that bad money always drives out the good). The new "owls" became cheap, and as more were minted, prices of goods and commodities sky-rocketed. The Greeks, therefore, had inflation before they even had a word for it—the first documented inflation in history.

The Question Here—Is this sort of thing in store for Americans? If not (and odds are excellent that it is not) what other sort of inflation are we headed for? Is it already under way? What started it? How does it affect the man who works for a wage or has an income? What can be done to stop it?

Essentially, inflation is the accelerating rise of prices for goods resulting from the rapid expansion of the supply of money in relation to the things that money can buy. In such circumstances, money is said to be cheap and goods dear. To discover how inflation starts or how it may be curbed, you must discover first what is happening to the money supply. In financial jargon, what is happening to the money supply is known as "credit control." And since "credit control" of late has become almost exclusively a Government function, let us look at the Government rôle in manipulating the supply of money.

Last fall, Republicans and conservatives talked nebulously of inflation, reveled in warnings that the New Deal's vast borrowing and vast spending was bringing the nation to the brink of ruin.

Now, no less a New Dealer than Mariner S. Eccles, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, is uttering an identical Cassandra stricture. And New Deal critics are chorusing, "I told you so."

To gloat "I told you so" over Eccles's

alarum is particularly delicious to New Deal critics, since it was Eccles who counseled the New Deal to combat the depression by unbalancing the budget, i. e., to borrow and spend. Now the Reserve Chairman is counseling a balanced budget, higher taxes, reduction of the national debt.

Is the head of America's central banking system consistent? And what has a balanced budget to do with inflation, anyway?

This is what it has to do with it:

In 1933, industry became stagnant. Bank deposits and the available supply of credit (i. e., the banks' ability to lend) had shrunk dangerously. Some 12,000,000 unemployed lacked money with which to buy.

To meet the emergency, the New Deal as a matter of considered policy incurred a deficit, plunged into what financial writers describe as "deficit financing." The Government borrowed \$13,500,000,000 (up to about the present) by selling bonds, mostly to the banks. The banks paid for these bonds by giving the Government deposit credit on their books. Purchasing power was thus created exactly as if the Government had turned on the printing-presses. The Government then drew on its deposits with the banks to pay for relief, for WPA, for a thousand and one other projects. The deposits were thus transferred to individuals and corporations. In other words, a new flood of money was poured into the nation's economic system, and, among other things, expanded the banks' ability to lend.

Deposits Exceed 1929—So far, so good. The "deficit financing" achieved its purpose both in creating purchasing power and in ballooning bank-deposits and currency to the point where they now exceed the 1929 money supply by more than \$2,000,000,000. The process of bank-deposit expansion was quite unexpectedly further accelerated by the flow of some \$4,000,000,000 of gold (dubbed "hot money" by President Roosevelt) into this country from abroad.

Now, after four years of "deficit financing," or "pump priming," business has not only regained its feet but is booming along nicely. The basic steel industry is chugging mightily at near capacity and in some cases is lagging months behind orders. Corporations are reporting boom-time earnings. And ominously enough (to most economists), raw materials—cotton, copper, wheat—have achieved prices three times as high as in 1933.

Yet, with business booming, the New Deal is still expanding the available money supply with might and main, and is "priming the pump" as furiously as it did at the trough of the depression.

Perhaps the Government is not as innocent of what is going on as Walter Lippmann and other critics believe. Almost a year before Eccles spoke about the dangers of a boom and collapse, the New Deal, acting through the Federal Reserve System, dried up a substantial portion of the supply of money by increasing the reserve

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Courtesy Magazine of Wall Street

The race between wages and living costs is on

requirements of Federal Reserve System member banks. By hiking such requirements last August, the Federal Reserve reduced the amount of money which the banks could lend by more than \$1,000,000,000. A month ago, the Reserve System again increased reserve requirements. After still another increase in May, only about \$500,000,000 of idle funds (excess reserves) will remain in the member banks of the Federal Reserve System.

New Deal Precautions—To these conscious deflationary measures must be added the precautions taken even earlier in the New Deal. These included the raising of margin requirements on money lent for security purchases. They also included the more recent sterilization of gold, which prevents imported capital from expanding our supply of credit.

Yet it is obviously illogical to take such Draconian measures as increasing reserve requirements on the one hand, while continuing to pump more credit into the country by "deficit financing," on the other. That is why Eccles demands not only a balanced budget but a surplus, so that some of the national debt may be retired and bank deposits decreased.

Has inflation already set in? If it has, what, besides the curbing of Government "deficit financing," can be done to stop it?

Inflation is the acceleration of prices upward because the supply of money is expanding more rapidly than the supply of things which money can buy. Surveying prices and living costs, the *Magazine of Wall Street* has found that the majority of 46,000,000 gainfully occupied persons today have more purchasing power than they had a year ago—but fully 20,000,000 appear to have less purchasing power than a year ago. The latter statement is based on December (1936) figures. Since present income lags behind the current upward trend of prices, fully half of all gainfully employed persons are losing purchasing power. Workers in manufacturing, according to the December figures, received an average \$24.85 in their weekly pay envelopes.

This constituted a \$2.54 money gain over a year ago. But since prices had risen also, the worker's ability to buy general merchandise, such as clothing, etc., had increased only by \$1.55.

Wholesale Workers' Dilemma—Workers in wholesale trades were not as fortunate. Despite increases in pay, they had in reality dropped behind, and could buy nineteen cents less merchandise weekly than a year ago. Real wages (wages measured in terms of purchasing power) of telephone and telegraph workers, according to the *Magazine of Wall Street*, were seventeen cents below those of a year ago. Hotel workers lost nineteen cents a week in real wages. Clerical workers and Government employees not only suffered a drop in real earnings, but their ability to buy is declining further despite stability or increase in wages.

And prices, seemingly, have only begun to rise. Wholesalers disclose that men's medium-priced suits this fall will be \$3 to \$5 more than a year ago; men's shirts, 10 to 25 per cent. more; women's apparel, 10 to 20 per cent. more; furniture and floor coverings, 10 to 20 per cent. more.

Using 1926 prices as normal, and indexing them at 100, the Bureau of Labor statistics price figures for the week ending March 20 give this picture:

Last year, farm prices stood at 76.7 per cent. (of the 1926 100 per cent. normal). This year, farm prices are 94.4 per cent. Last year, food stood at 79.8, this year at 87.9. Last year, prices of manufactured products stood at 78.8, this year at 85.6. All prices, as figured by the Bureau of Labor statistics, last year stood at 79.3, this year at 87.6 per cent.

Possibilities—If this is inflation, what can the Government do about it?

(1) It can balance its budget and start retiring the national debt.

(2) The Government might also lower tariffs so that foreign competition could become more effective in holding down domestic prices.

(3) The New Deal might attempt to

curb speculation, particularly in commodities. Some Government leaders contend that this speculation has accelerated the price advance.

(4) The Government might press for stronger enforcement of the antitrust laws and so interfere with monopolistic price making.

(5) The Federal Reserve System might seek higher interest rates to slow down the rate of expansion of business.

(6) The Treasury might lower the price of gold. Foreigners, who sent their gold to America, obtained \$35 an ounce for it. If they could now buy it back at, say, \$30 an ounce, they would obviously be tempted to repatriate their gold at a profit, and thus, incidentally, reduce the bank deposits in this country.

(7) The State Department might take the initiative in urging an international conference to consider the lowering of trade barriers and abandonment of the arms race. Abandonment of the latter and a consequent reduction in the demand for raw materials that go into arms would stabilize commodity prices substantially.

FLOWING SWEETNESS:

It's Sapping Time Where the Tall Maple-Trees Grow

To the drip of sap splashing into thousands of brightly polished buckets, sugaring-off is in full swing this week. The annual big run of maple-sap is getting under way.

Seasonally, the sugar farmers of the New York-New England Maple Belt work day and night operating an industry which last year paid them an estimated \$3,500,000. Last week, an air-liner roared into Newark Metropolitan Airport with the first of Vermont's 1937 maple-sugar crop—120 one-pound cakes. Each cake sold in a department store grocery shop for 60 cents.

All over the wooded hills of the Green Mountain State, clouds of steam are rising from hundreds of sugar houses where the evaporation of maple-sap into golden rivers of sirup or tons of sugar is in process. Vermont's world-famous product, sirup and sugar from *acer saccharum* and *acer saccharum nigrum* (popularly sugar, black, rock or hard maple) is sold all over the United States, is exported in profitable quantities.

Sugaring-off time brings parties and neighborly bees, glorifying in pageant and song the great annual flow of maple sweetness.

Demand Up—Already this season thousands of America's 14,421,000 producing maples have been tapped, but many more remain to have shiny buckets affixed to their rough-barked sides. It is expected that much more sirup than usual will be made, since current consumer demand is mostly for the liquid product.

To obtain sap, maples are tapped between February and May, depending on climate and weather. An incision is made in the tree's bole with an auger near the ground. A tube of metal or wood (sumach or elder) called a spile is inserted in the hole. Spiles not only conduct sap but serve to support buckets from which sap is collected daily and boiled as soon as possible to prevent deterioration. Maple-sap is temperamental.

Right now, Yankee farmers are won-

dering what effect this winter's unusual weather will have on the 1937 crop. A long, slow shift of seasons with freezing nights and sunny days is ideal for sap-production. Melting snow increases the flow. The heavier the snow, the greater the output. In an average season of a month, sap runs on about half the day.

Unpredictable—Making sirup and sugar is almost as unpredictable as sap-flow. Even after huge old-fashioned kettles and hit-or-miss methods of boiling have been scrapped for modern sterilizing hydrometers, evaporators and stream-lined sugaring-off pans, farmers find it impossible to make their products uniform in color, texture, flavor.

Owing to freedom from molasses, evaporation quickly solidifies maple-sap, continuing until the residue becomes sirupy or until a yellowish or brownish sugar is obtained. The sap contains three per cent. sugar, occasionally yielding as much as six per cent. Approximately eight gallons of sap are collected from each tree. At this average, a yield of three pounds a tree each season is considered profitable. Large trees and trees with rich sap often provide more, anywhere from two to six pounds a season. If the tapping is done properly, there is little damage to trees.

These sugar-maples just begin to show how good they are as sap-producers at fifty and sixty years of age. At 150, they still are paying the taxes on a farm for the planter's grandchildren. Choicest sugar is made from the sap of Vermont's tallest maples, some of which have been yielding sweetness since the days of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys.

Tapping Job Eased—Modern methods and machinery have eased the farmer's job of tapping trees and collecting sap. Modern marketing has partly standardized the vast quantities demanded for domestic and foreign consumption. In more up-to-date sugar- and sirup-making establishments, miles of miniature pipe-lines carry the sap directly to evaporating centers, kept going night and day.

Of the thirty to forty million pounds of sirup and sugar consumed each year, New York State probably supplies at least 13,000,000 pounds. Vermont leads, however, tapping 5,125,000 trees to New York's three and one-seventh millions. Together, this is 60 per cent. of America's total consumption.

Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio help satisfy the national craving. Canada's forests of sugar-maples are the source of several million more pounds. In America's Midwest, farmers produce small quantities for commercial use and their wives' kitchens.

In one or two North Central States, Indians use crude sirup for wampum. Last year, Iowa's Mesquakie Indians were hard put to it to find another form of trading cash when floods ruined their maple-sugar crop.

History—Their ancestors it was who gave maple-sirup to the white man. Soon after the Pilgrims landed on Cape Cod, they found the Indians tapping maple-trees, boiling down sap and mixing resultant sirup with their corn cakes. Short of sugar, long on maples, the colonists did the same. They learned the trick of sugaring-off because the maple-tree's product was the only sugar they had. Cane-sugar was a luxury beyond their simple means.

Three varieties of sirups go by the name

of maple: Pure sirup, maple-sirup mixed with corn or cane, and downright imitation maple, artificially colored and flavored.

There are four legitimate grades, all pure, undiluted, unadulterated, directly made from maple-sap, not boiled-down sugar.

When the housewife buys a slab of maple-sugar at the grocer's, she gets a refined product which probably left the grove of 300 maples in a sixty-pound block, boxed, or as a ten-pound dornick sewed in burlap. Somewhere between the retail market and the forest cabin, the big blocks were sliced into small, salable sizes.

One-third of the annual yield is puffed in cigarettes or in pipe-tobacco. Grades which fall outside the fixed color-standards are used to flavor chewing-tobacco. Holding moisture exceedingly well, maple-sugar thus gives cigarettes proper burning qualities.

Indians gave us tobacco. Indians gave us maple-sugar. We owe a lot to the Indians.

BOND DILEMMA: Crash of Government Issues Gives Washington Tough Problem

A month ago, many professors of finance and other expert observers of securities markets looked into their crystals and declared that the low interest rates then prevailing on long-term bonds would not change during this generation.

Were not top-grade industrial bonds yielding an average 3.17 per cent.? (in 1932 they had produced more than 5 per cent.). Weren't utilities yielding only 3.07 per cent. and rails about 3.20 per cent.? And government bonds! The newly issued long-term 2½'s sold in February at a price to yield 2.35 per cent. interest.

Last week, bond prices, particularly on governments, came down with a crash. Sales of governments were relatively small in quantity, but because there were few takers, the price-decline suggested a panic. The new government 2½'s, which previously had achieved a 101.22 price, slid to 96¾, or a 2.74 per cent. yield. It looked as if interest rates on government long-term issues would push upward to three.

New Era?—Wall Street observers began to ask themselves whether the era of low interest rates was over and a major about-face in the trend of interest rates had occurred. Most discussion, however, centered in the rout of government bonds. Why were they plummeting?

The answer to these questions lay first in the fact that bank reserve requirements had been increased in March, would be increased again May 1, and that banks were liquidating government securities to meet the consequent requirements for cash.

The answer to the plummeting prices lay second in the sharply diminished demand. The demand for government bonds is potentially constant, for the simple reason that big institutional investors, particularly insurance companies, constitute huge and ever-swelling reservoirs of capital which must be put to work.

But last week and the week before, insurance companies were not putting their capital to work, *i. e.*, buying bonds. To the despair of the Government, they were staging a sit-down strike of their own, calmly waiting until the interest situation clarified itself.

This situation presented to Secretary of

the Treasury Morgenthau the horns of a dilemma. The Government could take steps to ease reserve requirements and thus stop the bond-liquidation by banks. Or it could also abandon the sterilization of gold and thus release some \$300,000,000, which would immediately be translated into reserves and also stop liquidation of bonds.

But here was the catch. If the Government took these steps, it would be abandoning its policy of tightening credit control brakes, would thus increase the available money supply and invite a swifter acceleration of the inflationary boom, which many critics contend has already set in.

AGENT AMTORG: Soviet Reduces Purchases Through Famed Business Firm

Seventeen nations bought more goods in the United States in 1936 than the giant Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, which spent \$38,000,000 here, mostly on machinery.

American producers and Soviet trade officials, however, consider this modest figure important, for it marks a sharp improvement in Soviet-American trade over the last several years.

Last week, Amtorg Trading Corporation (Amerikanskaya Torgovlya), through which much of the Soviet-American trade is channeled, welcomed a new chief, David Aronovich Rosoff, and bade good-by to its retiring Chairman, Ivan Boyeff.

Since 1919, Amtorg has served as purchasing agent here for Russian industry, buying everything from printing and textile machinery and air-planes to engineering brains. Through Amtorg, on the other hand, Americans have purchased from Russia fine Turkestan rugs and Czarist art treasures, ants' eggs and sausage casings.

Amtorg Wanes—Last year, these purchases exceeded \$21,000,000. Now Amtorg's importance is on the wane, not because trade is decreasing, but because Soviet industries are placing orders directly with American firms. In the first two months of this year, for instance, two-thirds of all Russian purchases here were so made.

This trend may mean less work for Amtorg as a whole, but it will not mean less work for its new chief, who, incidentally, is the youngest Chairman Amtorg has yet boasted.

For, like his predecessors, thirty-four-year-old David A. Rosoff will be kept busy entertaining important American industrialists, ferreting out best sources of materials and commodities for his Communist fatherland.

American producers or their salesmen, who sit down to sell forging machinery, rolling-mill equipment, grinding-wheels, and other goods, will deal with a jovial bald-pated young man, who possesses the physique of a Minnesota football tackle.

Yet, for all of his five feet eleven inches of bone and muscle, Rosoff is not an athlete. As a matter of fact, he is still as much of a scholar as when he was an honor student at the Moscow Institute of National Economy.

His studiousness is as much a surprise to new acquaintances as is the ease with which he handles English, and, if occasion demands, other tongues.

Off-Side

Alarm—Charles Hughes, forty-seven, celebrated his thirteenth anniversary as the "human alarm clock" of Baxter, Tennessee. Each day he awakens the 600 residents of the village at 6 A.M. from a twenty-foot pole in his yard.

* * *

Dead—Pronounced dead for five minutes Theodore Prinz of Aberdeen, Washington, when his heart stopped after an auto accident, described the sensation later. "I seemed to float into a soft darkness. There was great peacefulness and great contentment."

* * *

Account—Given a charge-account last year to eat as much as he wanted, Duke, eight-year-old springer spaniel of Huron, South Dakota, ate so much hamburger he succumbed to overeating.

* * *

No. 13—Returning from a stroll, Nicholas Turco, fifty-one-year-old unemployed barber and father of twelve, found a smiling baby on his door-step. "Why they picked on me, I don't know," he said. Police took the baby to the station.

* * *

Water—Dr. Walter G. Kendall, eighty-three-year-old Quincy, Massachusetts, athlete, recently took his first glass of water in twenty-five years. "I find it best on the whole to get up at 3 or 4 A.M. each day and drink a bottle of ale, then go back to sleep," he said. "Sometimes I take a cup of coffee, but water—"

* * *

Sale—The Treasury Department has put on sale more than fifty post-offices in twenty-seven States. Any one who wants a collection of scratchy pens, empty inkwells and old advertisements on the walls, is allowed to put in a bid.

* * *

Veteran—Master Sgt. James C. Hankla of Fort Snelling, Minnesota, has been in the Army for thirty years, never seen a battle. Hankla enlisted in the Army in 1906, served in the 19th Infantry from

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Ballin—Mural painter—*bal* rimes with *pal*: *ballin*.

Berdanier—landscape painter—Americanized to *bur-dan-er*.

Couse—painter of Indians—rimes with *house*.

Learned—etcher—as in "a *learn'ed* man."

Lichtenauer—muralist—calls it *lish'-ten-o-war*.

Nuse—art instructor—as if spelled *noose*.

Seyffert—artist—pronounces it *sy'-fert*.

Waugh—artist—rimes with *parv*.

1908 to 1919, and in the 3d Infantry from 1919 to 1936.

* * *

Coffin—It took a coffin two feet, eight inches, in width, six feet, three inches, in length and two feet, nine inches, in depth to encase the late "Happy Jack" Eckert, 739-pound circus troupier who died at Flomaton, Alabama.

* * *

Divorce—Patrick J. Lally, street-car conductor, sued for divorce charging that his wife frequently boarded the car he operated, sat opposite his cash-box and called him names to make him miserable.

* * *

Taxes—He "canna pay a penny more" is the excuse always given by Duncan Grant, Inverness Shire, Scotland, for being twelve cents short in his annual taxes on two lots at Superior, Wisconsin. This excuse has been repeated five times, according to George Ostrum, City Treasurer.

* * *

Robbery—"Hands down!" shouted a gunman, entering a Cleveland shoe store. "I don't want them people outside the show-windows to see what's goin' on in here."

Slips That Pass in Type

Officer W—kicked open the door and fired twice. Both shoes took effect.—*Ann Arbor (Mich.) paper*.

Slipshod work, nevertheless.

ALASKAN TOWN DESTROYED
AS HIGH WIND FANS FIRE;
FLAMES MENACE HONOLULU
—*Pasadena (Calif.) paper*.

Mm, quite a blaze.

Asked if "Dizzy" gave any reason for his sudden decision to give up his holdout tactics, Breardon said:

"Diz' simply said that he had changed his wind."—*New Orleans paper*.

Direction, perhaps, but not temperature.

From relatives and friends they learned that J— M—, since losing his life in a fire, at the M— home June 13, 1934, had been acting peculiarly.—*Boston paper*.

Rattling chains about, and things like that?

With three assistants, Father Hubbard climbed to the ice cap in 1936, and later fell over it.—*St. Paul paper*.

Hope he didn't stub his toe.

In a county which has a population of approximately 40,000 there are only twenty-three paid officers, of whom eighteen are assigned to day duty, leaving only five on the night shift.—*Washington (D. C.) paper*.

That's quite a feat in itself.

Three ton of North Castle policemen lined up across the road, stopping a speeding robber car and recovered \$20,000 cash loot.—*Corpus Christi (Tex.) paper*.

A nice piece of work for only six cops.

T— M—, police charge, was blown up by an air-horse carrying eighty pounds pressure as part of a "joke" at a local factory yesterday.—*Providence (R. I.) paper*.

The extreme in modern improvements.

Mr. K— was ordered to post bond pending inquest by the crooner.—*Pittsburgh paper*.

Our advice is to jump bail, quick.

The above ham is glazed with a simple brown-sugar mixture and stuck with whole gloves.—*Chicago paper*.

And you're stuck with the ham.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Economics—"It's tough to pay forty cents a pound for meat."

"Mmm. But it's tougher when you pay only twenty."—*Brooklyn Central*.

Current Case—A chap was arraigned for assault and brought before the judge.

JUDGE: "What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?"

PRISONER: "My name is Sparks; I am an electrician, and I'm charged with battery."

JUDGE (after recovering his equilibrium): "Officer, put this guy in a dry cell."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia)*.

Simple Enough—BROWN: "Your wife is a very systematic woman, isn't she?"

JONES: "Yes, very. She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it."—*Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.)*.

Thespian—The class in public speaking was to give pantomimes that afternoon.

One freshman got up when called on, went to the platform and stood perfectly still.

"Well," said the Professor after a minute's wait for something to happen. "What do you represent?"

"I'm imitating a man going up in an elevator," was the quick response.—*Grit (Sydney, Australia)*.

In a Big Way—A tourist was enjoying the wonders of California as pointed out by a native.

"What beautiful grapefruit," he said, as they passed through a grove of citrus-trees.

"Oh, those lemons are a bit small owing to a comparatively bad season," explained the Californian.

"What are those enormous blossoms?"

questioned the tourist a little bit farther on.

"Just a patch of dandelions," answered the guide.

Presently they reached the Sacramento River.

"Ah," said the tourist, "some one's radiator is leaking."—*Boys' Life*.

Right of Way—The fog was very thick and the Chief Officer of the tramp steamer was peering over the side of the bridge. Suddenly, to his intense surprise, he saw a man leaning over a rail, only a few yards away.

"You confounded fool," he roared, "what on earth do you think your ship's doing? Don't you know I've got the right of way?"

Out of the gloom came a sardonic voice: "This ain't no blinkin' ship, gunner. This 'ere's a light-'ouse!"—*Pensacola Air Station News*.

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